THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 36. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CATHOLICS AT THE FAIR.

Large Congregations Addressed by Dignitaries of the Church at Festival Hall.

Declarations of Allegiance by the Church to the Underlying Principles and Institutions of the Republic.

Upon the platform in Festival Hall last Saturday morning sat many prelates high in the councils of the Catholic church. Before them were gathered 3,000 loyal members of the church. In the audience were hundreds of priests and other hundreds of Sisters in the various holy orders in their distinctive costumes. It was Catholic Education Day at the Columbian Exposition, and the members of the hierarchy had come to explain again to the people their ideas of the proper rearing of the young. The declaration of allegiance by the church to the underlying principles and institutions of the republic was made prominent throughout the exercises. Splendid and impressive sacred music was alternated with patriotic numbers, and the Stars and Stripes were largely used in the decoration of the hall.

On the stage were the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Chicago; the Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, Philadelphia; the Most Rev. J. J. Hennessey, Dubuque; the Most Rev. F. J. Katzer, Milwaukee; the Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, president Catholic educational exhibit; the Right Rev. Maurice J. Burke, St. Joseph, Mo.; the Right Rev. J. Janssens, Belleville; the Right Rev. J. J. Ryan, Alton; the Right Rev. Silas Chatard, Vincennes; the Right Rev. Bishop Maes, Covington, Ky.; the Rev. Canon Bruchesi, commissioner for Quebec Catholic educational exhibit; the Rev. Father McGuire, St. James' Church, Chicago; the Rev. Brother Maurelian, F.S.C., secretary and manager Catholic educational exhibit; the Rev. Brother Paulian, F.S.C., president Christian Brothers' College; the Rev. Brother Emory, F.S.C., assistant provincial Christian Brothers; the Rev. Brother Felix, F.S.C., vice-president Christian Brothers' College, St. Louis; the Very Rev. P. J. Muldoon, chancellor archdiocese of Chicago; ex-Gov. Hoyt, Dr. Salem Peabody, Judge Hyde, the Rev. Father Morrisecy, C.S.C., president Notre Dame University; and Right Rev. John Moore, St. Augustine, Fla.; the Right Rev. Bishop Matz, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, the Right Rev. Bighop Scannell Omaha, Neb.

Archbishop Feehan presided, and welcomed the clergy and laity alike to the celebration of the day, which meant so much to the church in America. Chief Peabody of the Liberal Arts Department responded. The Columbian Exposition, he said, would not be complete without a recognition of the principles and teachings of that great church under whose auspices Columbus journeyed away to the West. He referred to the voyages of the early Catholic fathers through the Mississippi Valley and acknowledged the debt which the country owes to the early teachings of the mother church.

Archbishop Hennessy of Dubuque was introduced and in a scholarly and impressive way set forth "The Catholic View of Education." He declared that man is heir not only to the wisdom but to the vices of all ages, and that the mere culture of the intellect does not and cannot make him strong to resist evil. The pre-eminent object of life should be to attain as closely as possible to the image of the Maker. To do this an education of brain and of conscience, going hand in hand with the teaching of the intellect, is necessary. God demands the love of himself above all things. This is pre-eminently the work of Catholic education.

The Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, archbishop of Philadelphia, spoke of "The Vocation of the Christian Educator." He began by comparing and then contrasting the work of secular and religious educators, showing that there is much in common between them. He continued: "At a certain point, marked by a cross on the wayside, the secular teacher stops and says, 'Thus far may I go, but no farther.' 'Do not go back, but give me thy hand,' says the religious educator. 'To these summits above us, bathed in celestial light, let us ascend and see what greater and newer things our god has made.' Education to be perfect must consider man in his entirety. The Christian education received at home or in Sunday school is not sufficient to soundly bottom the child in right ways of living."

The Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien of the Supreme court of the state of New York was presented. He read a paper showing "What Catholics Have Done for Education in the United States." He referred with pride to the fact there are now in the parochial schools in the United States 800,000 Catholic children, while for the purposes of higher education there are provided a host of academies, colleges and universities. The Hon. Thomas Gargan of Boston spoke of "Catholicity and Patriotism." He said:

"No more appropriate time than this could be found to speak upon the influence of the Catholic church, upon the patriotic feeling of the citizens of a country which was made possible by the voyage of a Catholic explorer. The end of patriotism is the prosperity and welfare of one's country. The end of Catholicity is the welfare of all mankind. In history we read that the Magna Cnarta, foundation of all liberty, was won from an English king by a Catholic archbishop. On the principles of this Magna Charta the declaration of American independence is founded. In the early history of the colonies Catholic Maryland was the first to grant civil and religious liberty to all settlers. In the war of 1812 and in the Mexican war the patriotism of Catholics was no less conspicuous. During the rebellion Puritan and Catholic marched shoulder to shoulder, and on every battlefield Catholic soldiers showed a courage and heroism not surpassed by any other. On the instant such names as those of Sheridan, Rosecrans, Shields and Mulligan come to my mind. Catholic priests shared the dangers and hardships of the camp and battlefield, and the women of the Catholic sisterhoods soothed and comforted the sick and wounded in the field and hospital. Today we should, as Catholics, actuated by the same patriotism, carefully scrutinize all expenditures of public moneys. As Catholics and patriots it is our duty to keep step with the march of the age."

The Right Rev. J. Lancaster Spalding, president of the Catholic educational exhibit, then came forward to speak. He came, he said, to give due credit to Brother Maurelian, secretary of the exhibit. He said: "Last night the cable brought word that home rule for Ireland was at last accomplished. Home rule means opportunity for Ireland, and opportunity is all that Ireland needs."

Hundreds of Irishmen in the hall were on their feet and cheered him loudly.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, sister of the famous Brooklyn preacher, said she came of a family in which the love of liberty, religious and civil, was deeply implanted, and she was glad to recognize the great work which the Catholic church had done for education in America. In her opinion the whole question of the education of the young would be settled if Catholics and Protestants alike would send their little ones to the kindergarten schools.

The exercises concluded by the audience rising and, to an accompaniment on the grand organ, singing the Te Deum. Mr. Frederick Archer was the organist.

PROGRESS OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

[*To the Editor.*]

The following comes from Mr. J. J. McSweeney, Secretary Irish Society, No. 6 Molesworth street, Dublin, and M. R. I. A.: "Mr. Patrick Sugrue, Mastergruha, county Kerry, national school, says, 'The examination roll shows that I got thirty-nine passed at the examination held in September last. I have a class of fifty-six in operation this year and I think they will all pass.' Mr. P. J. Burke, Claremorris, writes: 'Forty-seven of my pupils passed the examination last November, and I have now a very large class learning Irish.' Mr. John O'Flynn, Lisanora, Galway says: 'In the class which I presented last January there was only one failure. All who attend take great interest in the melodious language of their ancestors, and as most of them speak it fluently there is not much trouble in getting them to read.' Mr. Joseph O'Sullivan, Milltown, county Kerry, wrote: 'I changed my address since my last writing. Before leaving I presented twenty-two boys at the results examination, and they have all passed.' Mr. D. Duggan, Spiddal, Galway, reports: 'I have an Irish class in operation for the past four years which has been successful. This is one of the places where the language yet lives among the people. It is with few exceptions the only language used or even understood. Only strangers in the place speak English.' Mr. James O'Brennan, Inishtrawar, Galway, writes: 'I am sure you will be glad to learn that I secured a certificate for Irish at the July examination. Two years ago my knowledge of the language, either oral or written, was little better than my present knowledge of Hebrew, and now I can speak it as fluently as those who know no other tongue. Mr. Daniel O'Flaherty, of Calla national school, Galway, wrote a book on Irish Folk-lore, which is a text-book in our class, published a few months ago. We have it for sale, very cheap.' Mr. T. A. Scannell, Macroom, county Cork, wrote: 'It is encouraging to find such a large number of teachers of national schools are teaching the Irish language to the children in their schools.' Miss Ellen Hoban, Leitra female national school, Glenmaddy, Galway, wrote: 'I beg to inform you that as result of the annual examination held last July I have obtained a certificate for teaching the Irish language, and as this is an Irish-speaking locality I shall bring up forty pupils for whom I expect to claim results next year.'"

With such a showing as this who can truthfully say that the Irish language movement in Ireland is a failure? Should the people of Chicago avail themselves of the school now held every Sunday, in Mr. Gastfield's office, City Hall, first floor, where no hall rent or payment for tuition is demanded, they would be able, in less than a year, to read and understand the language of free and ancient Ireland. Those who desire to advance the cause of the Irish tongue should attend the school every Sunday from now until Sept. 30 and learn a few songs in Irish in order to sing them on that day and show the assembled thousands the beautiful melodies of that sweet but neglected language.

MAURICE CREAN,
Secretary Gaelic Class.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

THE CLAN O'SULLIVAN.

Some Account of the Origin of the Ancient Eugenian Sept of Munster, Which Played so Prominent a Part in Irish History.

Description of Their Patrimonial Possessions, and the Prowess of Their Warlike Chiefs.

Northward from Dunmanus Bay and into the Kingdom of Kerry, lies a territory as mountainous and picturesque as any on Ireland's ground. The O'Sullivans long held this country, and the State papers teem with references to them. The clan-name has its genesis in a myth of the Druid days before the light of Christianity had yet come to the land. In the district many stories are told of the old powerful family. Most people are familiar with the legend of O'Sullivan's Cascade, which lies across the Toomie's Hills on the Kerry side—a legend, alas, too often wasted on the sceptical ears of the modern excursionist. Thrown into the colored language usual in such things, it runs:

O'Sullivan, a captain of his people, renowned among them for fleetness of foot and prowess as a hunter, on one occasion went to hunt the red deer. The faint yellow rays of morning were lighting up the eastern sky when he went forth. Gaily the deep-mouthed dogs bayed, sniffing the fresh breeze across the mountain purpled with heather. Scarce had he left home when a magnificent stag bounded along his path. Swift as the lightning flash the dogs sprung upon the track—away across the moors and down the glens, on the scent they went. Throughout that livelong day O'Sullivan followed the chase, weary, tired and thirsty, but still determined to make the prize his own. At length night, and darkness with it, came, the stag could be seen no more, the dogs, too, were at fault, and the scent was lost. Disappointed and spent with the labor of the chase, the huntsman blew a shrill blast on his horn to call the dogs to him, and faced for home across the hills. But there was a voice loud and clear called upon him:

"O'Sullivan, O'Sullivan, turn back!"

Brave and fearless, like his race, he turned round, to behold before him the centre of so many cycles of romance, Finn MacCool.

"Why do you dare chase my stag?" asked Finn.

"Because it was the finest man ever saw," answered O'Sullivan. The answer pleased Finn MacCool.

"O'Sullivan," said he, "you are a valiant man, and have been wasted in the long chase. You thirst, and I will give you to drink."

So saying, he stamped his huge heel upon the hard rock and forth burst the waters, seething and dashing as they do to this day.

O'Sullivan quenched his thirst, and sped on his way.

The family was of the Eugenian race. The principal stems were—O'Sullivan More, Dunkerron and Iveragh, and O'Sullivan, Beare and Bantry. The first mentioned of the distinguishing title, Beare, occurs in 1563, O'Sullivan, son of Dermod, son of Donald, son of Dermot Blabh, *i.e.* the "Stammerer" (*Vide* "O'Hart's Irish Pedigree.") The estates were confiscated for participation in the Desmond and Tyrone rebellions. At the flight of the earls, O'Sullivan sailed with them, coming from O'Rouke's country in Leitrim. In a letter from her Majesty's castle in Dublin, the 26th of February, 1602, sent to the privy council from the lord deputy, we are informed—"All that are now out doe seek for mercy, except Ororke, and O'Sullivan, who is now with Ororke, and these are obstinate only out of their diffidence to be safe in any forgiveness."

Previous to this there are in this year many letters from Donald O'Sullivan Beare written to Spain giving accounts of the war, and in one of which, Feb. 16, to the earl of Carocena, he complains that the Spanish killed three of his best gentlemen. The defense of Dunboy, and the desperate bravery of MacGeoghagan in blowing it up in preference to surrender, can be found fully elsewhere. After its fall the march of the chief with his retainers through the hostile countries of Muskerry and Orrery, their crossing the Shannon, in *currochs* made from their own horses' skins, and the arrival in the friendly territory of O'Rourke, is a military achievement dealt with at length in the "History of the Irish Catholics," by Philip O'Sullivan, one of the *gens*. On going into Spain O'Sullivan was entitled Viscount Berehaven, and made governor of Cornnna. O'Sullivan More also had to betake himself into Spain for safety. In his absence his wife and child were entrusted to the care of a faithful clansman named McSwiney, who hid them in a secluded place near Glengarriff. The country had been completely devastated by the English soldiery, and it is said that the lady and her baby boy would have suffered from sheer want as well as deprivation had it not been for the skill of McSwiney, who always managed to procure food by robbing the eagles' nests in the neighborhood of the rabbits, pigeons and other dainties brought by the old birds to appease the appetites of their young. The lady was Sheila, sister of Florence MacCarthy Reagh, who assumed the title of McCarthy More on the bidding of Tyrone. Near Dunkerron Castle, outside Kenmare, was found a stone, the armorial bearings of the O'Sullivan More, with the inscription:

"I. H. S. Maria Deo Gracias. This work was made xx of April, 1596, by Owen O'Sullivan More, and Sily-ny-Donogh MacCarthy Riogh."

The marriage of the young Florie McCarthy, whom Mr. Thomas Stafford, a domestic of the lord president, describes "like Saul higher by head and shoulders than any of his fellows," with his relative, the Lady Ellen of Clancar, was in effect a complete contempt of the State policy, whose business was to keep the large families as much asunder as possible. Divers letters on this score were sent from Shandon Castle, Cork, "given under my hand," by Sir Warham St. Leger to her majesty and the privy council in England. Their object was to "cutt this youth (*i.e.*, Florence) from growinge too greate," and to show the many inconveniences that may arise from this new union of hearts. In one of these letters sent in 1588 (14th May) to Lord Burleigh, the entire forces and retainers of McCarthy are set out, and the O'Sullivan More having been mentioned, we find:

"The fourth is O'Sullivan Beare's country, which containeth also 160 ploughlands. He (Florence) claimeth there, Risinge out, the findage of 50 Gallyglas, and the geavinge of the Rodd, and to the value of £40 in spendings and refeceons." The "giving of the Rodd" means that the O'Sullivans had invested in them the power of vetoing any tanist of the head clan of the McCarthys by refusing to give him the white rod of captainship on his election by the clan.

In 1632, when the sea at the South of Ireland was infested with Algerian pirates, the lord president of Munster writes to the lords justices:

"Mr. Daniel O'Sullivan has a house of respectable strength at Beerehaven, and takes upon himself to defend it and Ballygobbin. He promises to erect five beacons upon the Dorsey, and four upon the Great Iland."

During the next half century the authorities were busy confiscating the property of the mere Irishry all over the country. The laws against "Tories" were exceptionally severe and inducements were held out to repentant rebels to come in from "off their keeping." One of these laws was to the effect that any Tory who killed two other Tories was entitled to full pardon from all other offences, murder excepted, the killing of Tories alone not being defined by that term. Cork county, in common with every other division of the country, had its share of Tories out on their keeping, many of whom led romantic interesting lives, among the woods and highlands of their confiscated territories. One of these men was Daniel O'Keefe, the outlaw of Duhallow, whose lands at Dromagh were confiscated to the Hollow Blade Company. While he was outlawed the English treated with his mistress, Margaret O'Kelly, to betray him, which she undertook to do. Discovering the perfidy, O'Keeffe slew the woman in a cave near Kilbrin, still known as the Cave of Slaughter. There is a beautiful lament or *caoine* for this woman in the Irish, which has been translated.

An incident illustrative of these times is the fact on June 24, 1683, the inhabitants of Macroom having apprehended some Tories that stood upon their keeping, and prosecuted them to conviction and execution, their confederates and relatives, within six days after, burned down the town. The inhabitants petitioned the authorities for compensation for goods lost amounting to £3,000, and the several archbishops of Ireland were requested to raise subscriptions for their relief. (*Prendergast, Ireland*, 1660-1690.)

After the accession of James II, in a commission, bearing date April 10, 1690, for applotting £20,000 per month on personal estate, trade and traffic, "according to the ancient custom of this Kingdom, used in times of danger," second on the list of accessories for the county of Cork we find the name of Donald O'Sullivan Beara.

In 1691, Owen MacMurtagh Sullivan was outlawed. From this man, in direct line, sprung Murty or Morty Oge. Presumably not earlier than 1710, nor later than 1715, he was born in the house where his father dwelt, a little to the west of the village of Eyeries. It was a comfortable residence, strongly built, thatched, with a flight of stone steps leading up to the front door. The father's name was Muirteach, which in the Gaelic means the "expert one at sea," and in no way is represented by the English name Mortimer, by which it has been often translated. Morty Oge means the young Muirteach, and where many bore a common surname, it is not difficult to understand why such distinguishing titles became necessary.

Morty was an only child. His mother was a descendant of an old broken clan (the O'Malleys of Ivagh, or Rosbrin) which, even "on its keeping, had fought the coroner of Carbery with a bloody desperation." In the night time swooping down on the farmsteads and hamlets of the more hardy undertakers who gained possession of their lands—with the flame to the roof tree or the knife to the cattle in the byre—or watching out along the treacherous coast-line for the elements to place some unfortunate English ship within their grasp. The probability is that, while yet a child, the boy was brought by his mother to the continent in a manner fitting the position he was entitled to occupy. Though many of the descendants of the old families still lived in defiance of the law in Ireland, such as Redmond O'Halloran, or Shawn O'Dwyer, of Glana, whom hope of regaining their lands, or attachment of friends, retained, they were comparatively few compared with the many who were already winning fame and position in the different military services of the continental powers.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

O'BRIEN'S HEROIC MEMORY.

The People of Machias, Maine, Present a Silver Bowl to the Gunboat Machias.

The Patriotic Part Taken by the O'Brien Family in the First Naval Battle for American Independence.

[*Irish World, Aug. 26.*]

Last week, at Machias, Me., Captain Train and the officers of the U. S. S. Machias were received by a salute, music by bands, a great display of flags and bunting, and a large crowd of people. At 2 o'clock 300 people were seated at the banquet.

The occasion was of special interest to *Irish World* readers, because it recalled the heroic achievements of Jeremiah O'Brien, his patriotic father, and five brothers in the first battle on the sea for American liberty. During the Centennial year the *Irish World* published an exhaustive account of the Lexington of the seas and spared no pains to gather every scrap of evidence bearing upon the patriotic part taken by the O'Brien family in this memorable naval battle which gave so much encouragement to the American patriots who contended against England on the sea.

John K. Ames, introduced Harrison Hume of Boston, as President of the Day and Toastmaster. Gov. Cleaves responded to "The State of Maine." The Governor appeared in good health, and spoke finely on the grand, old State, its development, progress, and history, and was happy in being its representative.

Capt. Train was called out by the toast "The United States Navy." He made some capital points in comparison of the navy on Machias River in 1775 and the ships of the navy today. John F. Lynch made a fine response to "The Town of Machias." He recited its heroic deeds and complimented its hospitality and public spirit.

Henry F. Harding made pleasing points in his response, alluding to the life, character and heroism of Jeremiah O'Brien, than whom no braver man ever lived. John C. Talbot brought out the real life and labor of Col. Benjamin Foster, who had been in the French and Indian wars, and was chief counselor in the Machias Battle of 1775.

President Hume introduced Maurice O'Brien, son of F. J. Campbell, as in direct descent from the patriotic family. Young Maurice, who is only 8 years old, received the cheers of the crowd.

Mr. Hume made an eloquent speech, going over the history of the navy from 1776 to 1815, 1848, 1861, and to this time, showing how a powerful navy commands the respect of other nations, and how it protects all industries of our people, including agriculture.

John F. Dunning, of Farmington, Conn.; grandson of John O'Brien, with parties from San Francisco, Chicago and Minneapolis, were in attendance, while Bangor, Calais, Eastport, Lubec, Ellsworth and Cherryfield were well represented.

The public reception in Libbey drew a crowd. The officers of the Machias were present, and Dr. Henry H. Smith, of Machias, made the presentation speech. The present is a massive silver bowl, the date of the battle of Machias inscribed on one side, and a picture of the Margaretta and sloop Unity hauling alongside the warship and men leaping on board, all ready to haul down the British flag. The present was made by the people of Machias in recognition of the name given the ship, and in commemoration of the bold deeds of the town's first settlers. Capt. Train spoke in acceptance, and pledged his care in whatever sea he sailed or country he visited, that any son or daughter of Maine should have the chance to see the beautiful gift to his ship by the people of Machias. The visit of the ship and the warm reception met with will form the connecting link and have a centre in this representative of good will and esteem.

During the reception bands of music were on the square, fireworks were set off, and the festivities of the day were closed by a dance in the hall.

Jeremiah O'Brien, the leading spirit and commander of the patriots of Machias, Me., in the first naval fight for American independence, was the son of Maurice O'Brien, a native of County Cork, Ireland. Jeremiah O'Brien had five brothers, who, with himself and their father, were engaged in the lumber business in Machias when the Revolutionary war broke out. When the news came of the Battle of Lexington the people of the town erected a liberty pole. A few days afterward the British armed schooner Margaretta entered the harbor conveying two sloops that were to be freighted with lumber for the British fortifications at Boston. Capt. Moore of the Margaretta ordered the liberty pole to be cut down, threatening to fire on the town if his order was not complied with.

The citizens were not easily scared and formed a plan for the capture of the schooner while the officers were at church on Sunday, but they were detected while approaching the vessel. The officers hastened on board and casting loose from her moorings the Margaretta floated down the river. The O'Brien family, including the father and six brothers, were the leading spirits in the plan laid for the capture of the British vessel, and organizing a company of sixty volunteers they determined to give chase to the retreating foe. They embarked in one of the lumber sloops which had been abandoned by the Margaretta. Jeremiah O'Brien was chosen captain of the patriotic band.

While the Margaretta lay becalmed in the lower bay the sloop approached her in tow of rowboats. The British commander seemed dazed by the boldness of the patriot band and allowed the sloop to come alongside without firing a shot. The Americans were poorly armed, few of them having muskets, and only three rounds of ammunition. Some were armed with pitchforks. The British crew made a desperate fight after the vessels came together. The Americans boarded the Margaretta and after a hot hand-to-hand engagement captured the vessel, the captain having been wounded and the helmsman killed at the first fire. The loss of the patriotic band was four men killed and nine wounded, and that of the enemy ten killed and ten wounded.

This was the first sea fight of the Revolution. The armament of the Margaretta was transferred to the sloop, which was re-christened the Machias Liberty. Jeremiah O'Brien took command of the sloop, and captured the Diligence, a British coast-survey vessel, and her tender, which had been sent out from Halifax to retake the Margaretta. The Liberty, with Jeremiah O'Brien as captain and his brother William as lieutenant, and the Diligence, on which his brother John was lieutenant, were commissioned by the Provincial government and ordered to intercept supplies for the British forces. Capt. O'Brien cruised on the coast for a year and a half, taking many valuable prizes. He then assumed command of a privateer called the Hannibal that his brother John and others had built at Newburyport, but shortly afterward his vessel fell in with two British frigates of New York and was captured. Capt. O'Brien was confined for six months in the horrible prison ship Jersey, and then sent to England and detained in Mill prison, from which he shortly afterward succeeded in escaping. He got safely to the United States, and after the war resided for some time in Brunswick, Me. At the time of his death, Oct. 5, 1818, he was collector of the port of Machias. His brother John, while in command of a privateer called the Hibernia in honor of his father's native land, captured an English armed vessel having on board a number of British army officers who were returning from New York to England.

CATHOLIC FORESTERS.

Tenth Annual Convention Adjourns—The Election of Officers.

After being in session four days, the tenth annual convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters closed Saturday morning last. The closing session began at 7 o'clock Friday evening and lasted throughout the night until about the same time Saturday morning. About 5 o'clock Saturday morning the election of officers was begun and in a short time High Chief Ranger John C. Schubert and High Secretary Thomas H. Cannon had been re-elected to their offices and Thomas Callen had been elected vice high chief ranger. Michael Cyr was elected high chief treasurer, and T. F. O'Malley high medical examiner. The new board of directors as elected consists of the following members: John F. O'Brien, John Bednorg, Henry Schorner, P. F. Clowry, and A. Fournier.

The meeting was addressed by the Rev. Fathers E. A. Kelly, A. McGalick, and J. T. Kelly, and attended by fully 400 delegates. The election was unanimous and great enthusiasm was shown. The convention adjourned at 7 o'clock a.m. to meet again in June at St. Paul.

HYMENEAL.

GOSSELIN–HANNIGAN.

Mr. Louis E. Gosselin and Miss Sara V. L. Hannigan, of this city, were united in marriage at the church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel on the 5th inst., Rev. Father Croake officiating. Ald. Stephen Gosselin, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man, and Miss Jennie Hannigan, sister of the bride, as brides' maid. After the ceremony a merry wedding party assembled at the home of the bride's parents, No. 1710 Diversey avenue, and did ample justice to the generous collation spread before them. Toasts were responded to by Mr. Simon J. Forhan, Ald. Gosselin, Mr. W. Van Wazer, Mr. P. Hannigan, father of the bride, and the bridegroom. The bride wore a gown of white faille, with diamond ornaments. The wedding presents were, rich, numerous, and happily selected. The happy couple started on a wedding trip throughout the Northwestern states. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. P. Hannigan, parents of the bride, Mrs. Gosselin, mother of the bridegroom, and her son and daughter, Alderman and Miss Aurelia Gosselin, Miss Jennie Hannigan, Miss Harriet Fish, Mr. and Mrs. W. Van Wazer, Messrs. Richard Vogie, and James Donovan, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Forhan, and the Misses Frances and Erin Forhan.

Irish Day at Chicago.

The Emmet Club of Nashville, Tenn., through its committees, is actively at work arranging for a special excursion train to Chicago, Sept. 28. The fare for the round trip will be under $10. Mr. John J. Bevington, of the Timothy Dry Goods Company, has been instructed to enroll prospective participants and reserve seats for them. The excursion will be under the control of the officers of the Emmet Club, and the Tennessee contingent will be warmly welcomed by special committees of the best citizens of Chicago, who have prepared a round of pleasurable jaunts about the great lake and a special reception in Festival Hall, World's Fair grounds, where men noted for their genius and loyalty will bid them welcome.—*Nashville American.*

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued).

Not long was the sullen silence maintained. All at once the Scottish trumpets sounded a long, united, and thrilling blare of defiance as Monroe threw forward a cloud of skirmishers to storm the rugged ground in front of the Irish position. Then from the hollow which separated the two armies, and from the copses on the river bank, came a thick pattering of musket shots, as a corps of musketeers which Owen Roe had pushed forward *en tirailleur* under the command of Col. Richard O'Ferrall, of Longford, opened fire on the advancing Scots. The latter replied with spirit, and a brisk fusilade ensued, which was well sustained on both sides for a time, but ended in the Scottish skirmishers being driven back. Upon this Monroe advanced a fresh body of skirmishers to the attack. Owen Roe promptly did the same, and again, the petty conflict raged fiercely in the sight of both armies, the result this time being another repulse of the Scottish sharpshooters.

Turning his eyes from the scene of this *petite guerre*, as the last white wreaths of smoke were melting over the rocks and underwood, Edmund O'Tracy cast an anxious look at the figure of the general. O'Neill, with the unwieldy fieldglass of the period to his eye, was intently sweeping the northwestern horizon. Not a man in the Irish ranks but knew the object of their commander's solicitude. That morning the entire of their cavalry, with the exception of the troop in which O'Tracy served had been despatched towards Dungannon to intercept the force advancing to Monroe's aid under his brother Sir George, and they had not yet returned. Hence the anxiety of Owen Roe—hence his desire to prolong the advent of the main battle. Besides, the fiery summer sun was glaring full in the faces of his men, and he wished to await its declination to the west ere risking the onset on the enemy.

"Corp an diaoul, captain!" ejaculated Niall O'Cuirnin, "does MacArt mean to fight at midnight?—If so we'd better don our nightcaps at once."

The brother of Kathleen laughed aloud at his curious though rather untimely conceit, Hibernian-wise "mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy; "but his cachinations suddenly ceased as Gen. O'Reilly cast a look of reproof in his direction.

In a few moments O'Neill himself came riding towards the troop. With a thoughtful look he scanned the two ranks of cavalry.

"General," said he to O'Reilly, "which of your men will bear a dispatch?"

"Take your choice, general," was the answer; "I can recommend one and all."

"Oh, indeed," said Owen Roe with a smile; "then come you here, my man."

He beckoned to Niall O'Cuirnin. The latter rode forward, and, after receiving some instructions given in a low tone by the general, galloped off in the direction of Dungannon. His mission was an obvious one.

"I fear me, captain," remarked Philip O'Reilly to Edmund, after a considerable time had passed without any important movement on either side, "that Monroe is at length about to compel us to fight. Should he do so presently, the odds are against us. Heaven send us our cavalry ere the Scotchman's onset!"

"Our hope is in God and in Owen Roe," replied our hero.

Boom! boom!—and the Scottish cannon opened a rain of fire on O'Farrell's musketeers in the valley below, while a force of 500 Covenanters, under Colonel Cunningham, advanced under cover of the fire. Another fierce musketry fire among the rocks and underwood, and the Irish skirmishers appeared, retreating from the position they had defended so long and well, leaving their enemies masters of it. The fire of the Scottish artillery was now directed on the Irish lines, but the practice was bad, only two files of men being levelled by the discharge.

Suddenly a distant bugle note came faintly from the northwest, in which direction a large body of cavalry was seen approaching. Both sides paused the act of closing in deadly strife, and turned their mutual attention on the oncoming horsemen, the Irish hoping them to be their own cavalry, the Scots believing them to be the force of George Monroe.

On came the cavalry, nearer and nearer, until, on reaching the scene of battle, they rode with a ringing cheer into the Irish camp and drew up in column on the flanks of O'Neill's infantry, who hailed their propitious arrival with an answering cheer. They were a gallant force of nigh 500 sabres, under the joint command of Col. Brian MacMahon and his brother-in-law, Col. Patrick MacNeney. They had met Geo. Monroe at Dungannon, and driven him back on his route; but both men and horses were covered with sweat and panting with fatigue from their hard ride to be in time for the battle. But little time had they for rest.

Forth to the front of the Irish line rode Owen on his magnificent charger; and as he turned to address his men his manly countenance was aglow with emotion, and his eagle eye shone brightly under the nodding plume of his beaver.

"Gentlemen and fellow-soldiers," said he, in a loud, clear voice that was listened to with rapt attention; "know that those that stand before you ready to fight are they who banished you, your wives and children, from your lands and houses, and made you seek your bread and livelihood in strange places. Now you have arms in your hands as well as they, and you are gentlemen as good as they are. You are the flower of Ulster, descended from as ancient and honorable a stock of people as any in Europe. This land you and your predecessors have possessed about three thousand years, and all Christendom knows that your quarrel is good—to fight for your native birthright, and for the religion which your forefathers professed and maintained since Christianity came first into this land.

"Now to free yourselves from your distressed and slavish condition. Now to try your valor and your strength on those who have plundered and banished you, and who are resolved to destroy you, bud and branch. So let your manhood be seen in your push of pike; and I will engage, if you do so, by God's assistance, and the intercession of his Blessed Mother, and all the holy saints in heaven, that this day will be your own. Your word is *Sancta Maria!* Forward, then, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and give not fire till you are within pike-length."

Such was the simple but animating address of the Irish leader, as reported by a rough soldier, his contemporary, and at that time his enemy.

"*Sancta Maria!*" responded the Irish, and with a cheer that seemed to split the sky they advanced steadily against the force of Monroe, their trumpets sounding along the entire line.

A storm of bullets whistled over their heads and tore through their ranks as the roll of musketry ran along the Scottish line, wrapping it in smoke and flame. But on they moved with steady and admirable discipline, like a moving wall, the rays of the afternoon sun glittering on their array of serried weapons, and glowing on their numerous banners of green and white—the Irish Cross fluttering beside the red Hand of Tirowen.

Monroe's cavalry thundered down upon them, with flashing sabres uplifted, only to recoil in confusion from the bristling pikes.

At length the Irish gained the crest of the hill on which the Scottish army was arrayed, and their musketeers poured a deadly volley into the closely-packed ranks of the Covenanters. The effect was fearful; an immense number of dead and dying men strewed the ground. Then, with a fierce and vengeful slogan, the Irish plunged with levelled pikes into the shattered line. Furious was that meeting of bitter foemen; loud the uproar of desperate conflict—the crash of musket-butts and of breaking pike-shafts, the crackling of shots, the steely ring of sabres, the shouts of rage and defiance. The second Scottish line advanced to the relief of the first, but the narrow space between caused the direst confusion.

"Files right—charge!" shouted the Irish cavalry leaders. Dashing round the flank of the infantry, the Irish horse burst with irresistible *elan* upon the ranks of Scottish troopers, sabering them in dozens, and driving them upon the wavering masses of infantry. This completed the disorder of the troops of Monroe.

The Covenanters wavered—rallied—fled!

On across the slopes of the Thistle Hill—at present called—swept pell-mell the struggling masses of victors and vanquished. In the midst of the fray was Edmund O'Tracy. Fighting amidst the disorganized masses of Lord Blaney's regiment—the first to meet the Irish charge and the first to be cut to pieces—he saw a man of noble appearance fighting pike in hand like a common soldier. It was Lord Blaney. He pressed towards him to save and make him prisoner if possible, but, ere he could reach him, the unfortunate nobleman, who had refused to take quarter, had his thigh-bone broken by a bullet, and was then finished by a sabre cut.

At this eventful moment our hero saw confronting him a countenance which he had seen before during the day—that of Owen O'Connolly—and he was immediately exchanging cut and thrust with the traitor. Their swords struck fire at every clash of the tempered blades. But hand-to-hand combat was of short duration. On past the two enemies swept the surging rush of the Irish pikemen. The traitor's horse plunged fiercely in the human current, and ere O'Connolly could recover himself the falchion of his opponent descended with great force upon his head, striking off his casquetel, and hurling him to the ground, where he was trampled beneath the feet of the charging battalions, while O'Tracy dashed off on the track of the flying Scots.

The discomfiture of the Covenanters was now complete. The regiment of Sir James Montgomery retired in tolerable order, but the remainder of Monroe's force fled wildly in all directions before the Irish onset. The great body of the fugitives made for the river; but the ford had been seized by O'Neill, and here the slaughter was terrific. Tradition says that the number of dead that filled the bed of the stream would enable one to walk over dry-shod on the bodies. Hatless, swordless and clocksless, Monroe fled to Lisburn. After having two horses killed under him, Conway escaped on a third to Newry; Lord Ardes and several other officers were captured and sent prisoners to various Irish garrisons—Lord Ardes to Cloughoughter, and the other officers to Charlemont. Over three thousand of the Covenanters lay dead on the field of battle, while of the Irish there were only seventy killed and two hundred wounded. Monroe's baggage, commissariat and ammunition wagons, 1,400 in number, fell into the hands of the victorious O'Neill, together with seven field pieces, thirty-two standards and a large quantity of muskets, pikes, drums, etc. Owen Roe sent the standards to the Nuncio in Limerick, in charge of a Father MacEgan, with whom the Nuncio sent back his dean, who gave each soldier of the Ulster army three rials (about one shilling and six-pence), and more to the officers. Then the army dispersed over Monaghan, Cavan, Leitrim and Longford, until the crops should be ripe.

And so terminated the glorious battle of Benburb.

Accompanied by Niall O'Cuirnin, Edmund proceeded to Leitrim, and warm and cordial was the welcome that greeted him under the hospitable roof of Dromahaire.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

WALTHAM "REPEATERS."

Sold to "Citizen" Subscribers Only.

$100 Men's Watch for $30!

THE CITIZEN is now for the first time able to offer to its subscribers the celebrated Waltham "Repeaters." These watches were made to sell at more than $100, but we have an option upon a few in solid 14k gold stiffened hunting cases. A Waltham "Repeater" strikes the time within five minutes whenever a spring on the outside of the case is moved. This is a great advantage in many situations. The two silver-toned bells do not add to the size of the watch. No more of these watches will be made. The cases will not be ready before July 1, and readers should register their names at once. An artistic special catalogue will be sent upon application. Price of watch, delivered, $30.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

THIN SHEETS OF IRON

A VERY INTERESTING COMPETITION AMONG STEEL WORKERS.

Steel Plates Rolled So Thin That 4,800 of Them Are Required to Make an Inch. How the Effort to Surpass Each Other Started Among Metallurgists.

Among the novelties introduced on the continent lately are visiting cards made of thin sheets of iron, a revival of the exhibits made at the first Universal exhibition, held in London in 1851. The French and Spanish journals have been lately treating this matter of fine rolling of sheets of iron as a novelty, but in truth the affair resulted in a competition between American and English metallurgists arising out of the exhibit of a specimen of iron paper, if it may be so termed, made in 1851 by an American firm. A lively competition in iron rolling then ensued among British manufacturers as to the thinness to which steel could be rolled cold. Mr. Gillott rolled sheets the average thickness of which was the eighteen hundredth part of an inch. In other words, 1,800 sheets piled upon each other would collectively measure an inch in thickness, while the thinnest tissue paper to be purchased in the stationers' or cigarette paper, measured the twelve hundredth part of an inch.

These very thin iron sheets are perfectly smooth and easy to write on, although porous when held up to a good light. It may not be out of place, considering the great interest that is taken by those connected with that great branch of industry, the iron trade, to give a few curious particulars as to the extent iron can be welded and the thin sheets that can be rolled out. Brother Jonathan little thought what a hubbub would be created in the old country 42 years ago, when from Pittsburg he sent that wonderful letter, written on a sheet made from iron, which took no less than 1,000 sheets to make an inch in thickness, the dimensions being 8 inches by 5½ inches, or a surface of 44 inches, and weighing 69 grains. The fact had no sooner made its appearance in print than Britain's sons began to work, and soon we heard that a sheet containing the same number of surface inches, but weighing only 46 grains, had been made at the Marshfield iron works, Llanelly, Carmarthenshire, being exactly one-third less in weight.

But soon the Welsh leek had to give way to the rose of England, for Staffordshire was anxious to take its wonted lead. The Hope iron works succeeded in making a sheet of 119 surface inches weighing but 89 grains, which, reduced to the American and Welsh standard of 44 inches, gives about 33 grains; Messrs. R. Williams & Co., 69 inches, 49 grains; reduced to the same standard, about 31 grains. For a time Staffordshire wore the belt, but Wales became very restless and anxious for the honor of St. David, so further attempts were made.

Marshfield came again into the field. They succeeded in making one sheet 8 by 5½ inches, or a surface of 44 inches, of the astounding weight of 23½ grains only, which required no less than 2,583 sheets to make 1 inch in thickness. Another sheet 8 by 6 inches, or 48 surface inches, weighed 25 grains, but brought to the standard of 44 inches, gives but 23 grains, and requires 2,950 sheets to make 1 inch in thickness. The Pontardawe tin works next came into the field with a sheet 14½ by 7 5-16, or a surface of 115-17 inches, weighing 60 grains, but being reduced to 44 inches is 24½ grains, a trifle heavier than the Marshfield, but Pontardawe claims 3,799 sheets to make 1 inch in thickness.

We now come to the climax. The mill manager of Messrs. W. Hallam & Co. of the Upper Forest tin works, near Swansea, succeeded in making a sheet of the finest appearance and thinness that has ever yet been seen by mortal eye. The iron from which the sheet was rolled was made on the premises. It was worked in a finery with charcoal and the usual blast; afterward taken to the hammer to be formed into a regular flat bottom; from thence conveyed to the balling furnace, and when sufficiently heated taken up to the rolls, lengthened and cut by shears into proper lengths, piled up and transferred to the balling furnace again. When heated, it was passed through the rolls, back again into the balling furnace, and when duly brought to the proper pitch was taken to the rolls and made into a thoroughly good bar.

Such is the history in connection with the forge department. It was then taken to the tin mills and rolled till it was supposed to be thinner than 22 grains, afterward passed through the cold mills to give it the necessary polish, and it stands on record as the thinnest sheet of iron ever rolled. The sheet in question was 10 by 5½ inches, or 55 inches in surface, and weighed but 20 grains, which, being brought to the standard of 8 by 5½ inches, or 44 surface inches, is but 16 grains, or 80 per cent less than any previous effort, and required at least 4,800 to make an inch in thickness.—Paper Makers' Journal.

The Kangaroo Pest.

The kangaroo pest has always been a great nuisance to the Australian squatters, for on an average these animals consume as much grass as a sheep. It is stated that on a sheep run of 60,000 to 80,000 acres 10,000 kangaroos were killed annually for six years, and yet their numbers remained very formidable in the locality. In the colony of South Australia hundreds of thousands of kangaroos are slaughtered annually for their skins and the bonus offered by the authorities. The number of these marsupials in New South Wales in 1889 was estimated to be over 4,000,000, and yet about 500,000 kangaroos and 650,000 wallabies were destroyed in the colony that year. A bonus of 16 cents for each kangaroo killed is offered in Australia; hence the colonists are gradually exterminating these native animals. Over 500,000 skins are annually shipped to England and a large number to North America to be converted into leather.—Science Gossip.

The Perfect Place to Dwell In.

We had always been hunting for it. We had always felt sure that somewhere, some day, we should find the perfect place which was to combine the charm of the middle ages with the comfort of the nineteenth century—the Albert Durer town which could be reached in a railway train, with mediæval streets through which the dinner bell would make a pleasant sound, where there would be plenty of picturesque dirt in other people's houses, plenty of fresh water and clean rooms in our own hotel. Perhaps this is a bourgeois idea. But then that is our affair.

Eight years of wandering had brought us no closer to our undiscovered country, when, last summer, as we were traveling in the mountains of—but no! why should we tell the name? Why break the serenity of its hilly streets with the rush of personally conducted parties or of easel laden artists? Why turn it into another Barbizon or Laguerre's, another Chester or Nuremberg? Besides, we have exploited so many places in our day; we have, in our recklessness, presented the painter, the illustrator, the magazine writer with more motives than they can exhaust in a generation; we have, by our enterprise, developed the cycling trade to an incalculable extent, and by our praise made the fortune of half the hotel keepers in Provence. And the result for us? Not a cycle manufacturer would give us a machine if we asked for it, not a landlord would throw us a crust were we starving, not an art student would find a spare moment to thank us. No; the name of the most picturesque place in the world we shall keep to ourselves. It is foolish deliberately to court the fate of Columbus or Stanley.—Mr. and Mrs. Pennell in Century.

The Limits of Arbitration.

With international arbitration we confess to having comparatively little sympathy. If nations mean to fight, nothing will prevent their so doing, and agreements to arbitrate will be of very little service. The suggestion of an agreement between England and the United States to establish a permanent machinery for regulating their disputes is, however, quite different. Nations in whom the same racial characteristics are to be found, who are influenced by the same ideas, who talk the same language, read the same books and possess the same political traditions, are capable of making an agreement to settle disputes by arbitration a reality.

Again, an agreement not to fight till the question in dispute has been referred to a body exercising the functions of a court of law is a step in the direction of that alliance between the United States and England which, we trust and believe, is the destiny of the two countries. If we begin by an acknowledgment that we are not in the position of foreign powers—i. e., liable to war at any moment—we may soon rise to a definite race alliance, and lastly to that declaration of a common citizenship which would prevent any Englishman from being an alien in America or any American being an alien in England and would heal the breach in the unity of the race caused by the folly of George III and his ministers.—London Spectator.

Hideous Advertisements.

It is said that a salmon, when quite devoid of appetite, may be worried into taking a fly, if only flies be presented to him with irritating pertinacity. "Hang it!" he exclaims, "I cannot be troubled with this Jock Scott any longer"—he makes an irritable snap at it and is lost.

Possibly in the same way persons are driven nearly wild by seeing this or that commodity thrust on their notice in railway stations, in trains, in the streets, in the fields, on the top of Ben Macdhui. Then they may purchase a sample in despair, may like it and go on using it. This may be the theory of frantic and hideous advertisements, but on the whole it might seem more likely to work its own destruction. "Whatever I buy I will not buy that," one can conceive the citizen remarking and looking out for a less obstrusive article. But if advertising did not pay people would not advertise.—London Saturday Review.

Very Fine Handiwork.

Dr. Heylin, in his "Life of King Charles," records that during the reign of Queen Elizabeth "there was one who wrote the Ten Commandments, the creed, the pater noster, the queen's name, and the prayer of our Lord within the compass of a penny and gave her majesty a pair of spectacles of such an artificial making that by the help thereof she did plainly and distinctly discern every letter."

A somewhat similar feat was that "rare piece of work brought to pass by Peter Bales, an Englishman, who also exhibited before her majesty the entire Bible written in a book, containing as many leaves as a full sized edition, but fitting into a walnut."—Boston Commonwealth.

Danger In Odd Nomenclature.

Anything out of the common in nomenclature runs the risk of being burlesqued by unskilled tongues. The nurse who called her charges Miss "Burial" and Miss "Jones" must have made their mother wish she had never christened them Beryl and Joan. As Betsy and Jane they would have come off all right. Horses, too, with fine names get strangely miscalled in the stable. One pair known by their master as Rusteb and Sohrab, degenerated first into "Rusty and Soreback," and fell ultimately into the commonplace as "the little horse and the Docthor."—London Globe.

Booth's Fondness For Waffles.

Edwin Booth had a curious passion for waffles. During his last engagement in Boston he ate one evening 25 waffles at a sitting, and hideous indigestion ensued—so bad, in fact, that the great tragedian could not play that evening, and a big house that had assembled to witness his "Shylock" was forced to go home unsatisfied.—Stageland.

URGENT NEED OF A FAT REDUCER.

The Owner of a Very Fine Dog Has Resolved to Purchase a Bicycle.

Smith gave Brown a fine pup a year ago, and the other day the two men met.

"How's the dog?" asked Smith.

"He's the handsomest dog in New York," answered Brown proudly. "Everybody who sees him falls in love with him. Dozens of people have tried to buy him from me. He has been stolen twice, but I got him back both times. He's a fine dog. You ought to see him now, but"—and he gave a sigh.

"But what?"

"Oh, he's a good dog, a beautiful dog—there's none better. I wouldn't part with him for the world, but"——

"Well, what about it?"

"You see he requires a good deal of exercise; in fact, no end of exercise. He gets so fat, you know."

"Why don't you diet him?"

"Oh, I've dieted him. I turned him loose to run. I got him to chase a baseball. I taught him to swim into the river after sticks, and I lamed my arm throwing sticks for him so that I could hardly use it. I've encouraged him to chase cows, dogs, chickens, everything, so as to get exercise, but he will get fat."

"Why don't you try going on long walks with him?"

"Long walks? Man alive, I've walked all over Long Island with that dog. I got in such fine training that I could walk 25 miles and never feel it. But you see the trouble is he's lazy. He just trots along behind me comfortably, and he doesn't get a bit thinner. That dog's a caution for taking on fat."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Well, you see," said Brown, with a bright smile of hope, "the dog needs so much exercise that I have studied the subject carefully. Now I'm going to get a bicycle and ride several miles a day. I'll hit it up as fast as I can go, and he'll have to keep a pretty lively gait to follow me. I'm sure that will keep his fat down. Anyway I'm going to try it. Don't you think," he asked with warmth, "that it's a good idea?"

"It seems to be," said the former owner of the dog. "But how about you? Do you like bicycle riding?"

"No—er—I can't say that I do, but it will be good for the dog. You see he's a wonder for taking on fat. I'm pretty thin myself, and this exercise is making me thinner. I suppose the bicycle riding will reduce my weight still further, but if it will help the dog—well, I'll be satisfied; wouldn't you?"

"Um—perhaps so."

"But say," said Brown when they were parting, "I wish you could see him now. He's the best dog on Long Island," he added with a confident smile. "I wouldn't part with him for anything."—New York Tribune.

A Royal Reception For Patti.

Mme. Patti had arranged to sing at Bucharest on a certain date, but could not be persuaded to leave Vienna owing to the inclemency of the weather. So M. Schumann, who was in despair, telegraphed to his agent in the Roumanian capital to the effect that the diva must at all hazards be met at the station at Bucharest by a deputation of Roumanian nobles and ordered him to send a telegram to the following effect: "Members of the Italian and Roumanian aristocracy preparing magnificent reception for Patti. Cabinet represented. Torchlight processions, military bands. Wire hour of arrival."

The telegram duly arrived and was shown to Mme. Patti, who was enchanted and at once made ready to start. As the train steamed into Bucharest next evening the scene was truly imposing—flags were flying, bands playing and torches flaring. The diva was escorted to her hotel by an enthusiastic crowd, and as they entered the door M. Schumann signed to his agent to accompany him. The latter, however, refused, promising an explanation next morning.

It turned out that he had hired a gang of loafers and vagabonds and dressed them up for the occasion, securing a choice selection of aristocrats for the modest sum of about £13. But he naturally was loath to leave them for a moment until the show was over, as they would otherwise have infallibly decamped with their hired costumes.—"Etoiles en Voyage."

DON'T LISTEN to the dealer who is bent on bigger profits. The thing that he wants you to buy, when you ask for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *isn't* "just as good." Proof of this is easy. The only *guaranteed* remedy for the ailments of womanhood is the "Favorite Prescription." If it ever fails to benefit or cure, in making weak women strong or suffering women well, you have your money back.

Anything "just as good," or as sure to bring help, could be, and would be, sold in just that way.

This guaranteed medicine is an invigorating, restorative tonic, especially adapted to woman's needs and perfectly harmless in any condition of her system.

It builds up, strengthens, regulates, and cures.

For periodical pains, bearing-down sensations, ulceration, inflammation—every thing that's known as a "female complaint," it's a remedy that's safe, certain, and proved.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address. Prof. W. H. PEPPER, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

VICTORY FOR HOME RULE

GREAT TRIUMPH FOR GLADSTONE IN THE COMMONS.

The Measure Passed by a Vote of 301 to 267—Ovation Tendered the Champion of Irish Autonomy by Crowds in the Streets —Wild Scenes About the House.

LONDON, Sept. 4.—Mr. Gladstone's long home rule fight in the house of commons is ended. The bill was passed at a late hour by 301 to 267. It was hurried to the house of lords, which gave the first reading and adjourned. Closing speeches were made by McCarthy, who said the bill was a finality; Chamberlain, Balfour and others before the decisive vote. The full import of the occasion was felt by the spectators and by the government adherents, and the culmination of the work in the house was accompanied by rounds of frantic cheers from the galleries and upon the floor. A moment later Mr. Gladstone entered the house from the division lobby. He was greeted with the moment of his victory by renewed and tumultuous applause. Mr. Morley, who followed him, was also cheered. Mr. Gladstone received a fresh ovation as he left the house.

Scenes About the Commons.

The scenes in front of the house late at night were exciting. The knowledge that the vote on the third reading of the home rule bill was to be taken attracted a large crowd to the spot, and fully 2,000 people were jammed in the space in front of the house of commons gates. There were many Irishmen in the throng, and the sentiment of the crowd generally was for home rule and Gladstone. This was expressed in many ways—by the singing of "The Wearing of the Green" and by enthusiastic cheering when Mr. Gladstone's carriage arrived to take the minister home. It was noticed, however, that the cheering was mingled with some hooting. The crowd was inclined to be boisterous, indulging in all sorts of pranks. It was also at pains to give the police as much trouble as possible by massing in the road way, and it was with much difficulty that a passage was kept clear for carriages. The Irishmen in the crowd whiled away the time by alternately singing "God Save Ireland," cheering for Gladstone and hooting Balfour.

The Crowd Wild With Delight.

When the announcement that the house had passed the home rule bill by a vote of 301 to 267 was received the crowd went wild. They cheered, shouted, sung, embraced one another, smashed hats and did other absurd things to show their appreciation of the house's action. The police were alarmed at the antics of the people, and a cordon of bluecoats were forthwith drawn before members' exit. The first member left the palace yard at midnight. He was not recognized. The crowd surged around the cabs and carriages which were awaiting the people in the house, and as each member of any distinction was recognised he was given a cheer. When Mr. Gladstone's carriage, containing the prime minister and his wife, emerged from the gates a number of mounted police instantly surrounded the carriage, but the crowd, when they learned who was in the carriage, became beyond control of the police, and breaking through the cordon stopped the carriage and held it while they cheered the triumphant champion of home rule to the echo.

Again Stopped the G. O. M.'s Carriage.

The coachman was unable to proceed after a few minutes, but by this time the entire crowd left their positions and started after the carriage, which was again stopped at the corner of Downing street and detained while the crowd cheered and sang "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." Mr. Gladstone bowed right and left to his enthusiastic admirers, and was greatly touched by the fervor of the people. The police again cleared the way and the carriage was allowed to proceed to the premier's residence without further stoppage. Mr. Gladstone handed Mrs. Gladstone from their carriage, and, after bowing again to the crowd, disappeared into their home despite repeated calls for a speech. The crowd indulged in more cheering and then dispersed.

THE DEADLY DALTON GANG.

It Proves the Death of Three United States Marshals—One Man Captured.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kan., Sept. 4.—News from a fight between the Dalton gang and the United States Marshal's posse is to the effect that two of the marshals, Speed and Shadley, were killed and Deputy Houston fatally wounded. N. A. Walker, N. D. Murray, G. W. Ransom and a boy named Briggs were wounded, and a young man named Simmons instantly killed. The marshals having been informed that the gang was in town, drove out to arrest the desperadoes and were fired on by the outlaws when they dismounted. The fire was returned and the outlaws started for their horses. Bill Dalton's horse was killed instantly by Shadley, and as the horse fell Dalton got on his feet and from a distance of 200 yards pumped four shots with his Winchester in rapid succession into the body of Shadley. Arkansas Tom, one of the outlaws, was held at bay in a frame hotel where he took refuge. Messengers were sent to Stillwater for assistance and the sheriff left at once with a posse to the scene. The outlaw finally surrendered.

Storm Ravages in the Azores.

BOSTON, Sept. 4.—Viscount de Valla de Costa, the Portugese consul in this city, has received a cable dispatch bringing news of the havoc of even a worse storm than has visited this country in the cities of Harta and Fayal, in the Azores. The message says that the city of Fayal was almost wholly destroyed, many being killed outright, and that the greatest suffering now prevails among the people. A new breakwater which was being built by the government and which was almost completed was swept away by the water, allowing the sea to break on the city with unrestrained fury. The fishermen especially of these two cities are suffering great misery, and a famine is impending. The consul said a subscription would immediately be started in Boston for the help of the sufferers.

The Silver Debate.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.—Senator Cullom is a pronounced bimetallist, but he talked in the senate for repeal and unconditional repeal at that. Incidentally he seized upon the occasion to defend the protective tariff system. Thus the debate runs along, with no termination in sight at present.

The President Arrives at Home.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2—President and Mrs. Cleveland have arrived and taken up their residence at the White House. Both are in excellent health. The president's first day at home was taken up with business at his office and a cabinet meeting.

LABOR ON PARADE.

Successful Character of the Turn Out at Chicago This Year.

CHICAGO, Sept. 4.—Labor's monster outing was begun under the most auspicious circumstances. It was evident at an early hour that the exercises upon the occasion of the seventh annual labor day parade and picnic would be of the most successful character and that the turnout would be large and surpass all previous celebrations. In every direction were companies of uniformed or regalia bedecked men marching behind gorgeous banners and bands of music.

Around every corner and from all over the wide city came the crowds to swell labor's ranks. Bricklayers' hall, at Peoria and Monroe streets, was literally jammed and the streets were crowded for several blocks. Marshals did their work in admirable style and the music of many bands kept the multitude in splendid humor. Finally the honorary grand marshals, James J. Linehan and J. J. Ryan, received advices from their aids that the great body was ready to move and the notes of the bugles were obeyed. Headed by a platoon of police and Mayor Harrison, grand marshal, astride a spirited horse, the procession of many thousands was quickly under way.

Two picnics were held in the afternoon, one at Kuhn's park by the Trade and Labor assembly and the other at Ogden's Grove by the Building Trades council. Among the speakers who addressed both these picnics were Governor Altgeld, Samuel Gompers, P. J. McGuire, James O'Connell and James McNeill. No attempt was made to make a showing for the unemployed.

VETERANS AT INDIANAPOLIS.

Annual Gathering of the Men Who Wore the Blue.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 4.—Between 6 o'clock and noon six special trains with an aggregate of forty cars, all loaded with delegates and their escorts, arrived at the depot and there was almost a continuous procession of the boys in blue along Illinois street. The arrivals included the Iowa, Pittsburg and other Pennsylvania posts, the Michigan and Columbus, Ohio, detachments and a thousand or more members of posts in northern Indiana. Each division was met by a reception committee and escorted to the locality assigned to it. The streets were crowded with townspeople, and the veterans, whether from the east or west, were enthusiastically greeted as they marched along. To the National Association of Naval Veterans was accorded the honor of inaugurating the business features of the week, and the hall of the Masonic temple was comfortably filled with gray-haired salts when at 10 o'clock the eighth annual convention was called to order by Rear Admiral B. S. Osborne of New York, and despite his 64 years and his record of forty-nine naval engagements and nine wounds, greeted his ex-shipmates as cheerily and vigorously as a youth.

STRANGE MURDER AND SUICIDE.

An Octogenarian Killed by His Friend, Who Afterward Drowns Himself.

LANSING, Ia., Sept. 4.—One of the most horrible crimes perpetrated in the history of Allamakee county was perpetrated two miles west of this city. William Haney, an octogenarian and founder of this city, was inhumanely murdered by his most intimate friend and watcher, Joseph Haney, who afterward committed suicide by drowning himself in the creek nearby. Both were invalids, the former being helpless for the past ten years and living with the latter, who had given him a home for the past fifteen years, finally deeding him the farm in lieu of taking care of him during life.

Both breakfasted at the same table less than an hour before and apparently were on the best of terms up to the moment of committing the terrible deed. Haney approached his victim from behind as he sat in an invalid chair reading the morning paper. Slipping a strap around his neck he strangled him, and at the same time beat him over the head with his hickory cane, then walked into another part of the house and coolly told the family to send for a coroner and proceeded directly to the creek and took his own life.

BLOODY TRAGEDY IN EUROPE.

A Young Man Who Will Probable Grace a Gallows Very Soon.

BUDA PESTH, Sept. 4.—A terrible tragedy occurred in Thalle, a village near here. A young man of station, made desperate because his attentions to a young lady had been slighted, imagined that if he inherited his father's large estates he would be an acceptable suitor. He accordingly left the ballroom where he had been conversing with the girl and going to his father's house killed both his parents as they lay in bed asleep, then murdered his six young brothers and sisters. Then he returned to the ball and danced the remainder of the night. The next day he was arrested upon suspicion and after two days' detention confessed the crime.

Suicide of Dr. Graves.

DENVER, Sept. 4.—Dr. T. Thacher Graves of Providence, R. I., who for two years has been held a prisoner here for the alleged poisoning of Mrs. Josephine Barnaby and whose second trial was to have begun in a few weeks, killed himself in his cell in the county jail. He died professing his innocence and full of bitterness toward the state's attorney, whom he calls his persecutor. A letter to the coroner read:

"Please do not hold an autopsy on my remains. The cause of my death may be rendered as follows: Died from persecution—worn out, exhausted.

"Yours respectfully,

"T. THACHER GRAVES, M. D."

This letter was dated Aug. 9 last, showing that the deed had been contemplated for a long time.

Deer Raising as a Business Enterprise.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., Sept. 4. — L. C. Houghton of Sheffield, Ills., has bought 1,000 acres of land near his old home in Halifax, which he proposes to inclose with a seven foot wire fence and stock the inclosure with deer and sheep. In addition to this he will build throughout preserves along the several streams which flow through the inclosure. The whole scheme is intended as a business enterprise which, if successful, will solve in a measure the abandoned farm problem.

Stoecker the Jew Baiter, Arrives.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—Herr Ad Stocker, the anti-Hebrew agitator, whose rabid sayings have drawn much attention to him in Europe of late, has arrived on the steamship Augusta Victoria. His intentions are said to include a campaign of Hebrew denunciation in this country.

YELLOWSTONE PARK BOUNDARIES.

Bill Introduced to Change Them to Permit the Building of a Railroad.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.—By unanimous consent Representative Hartman of Montana was permitted to introduce in the house a bill to change the boundaries of the Yellowstone park. It is the bill that passed the senate last congress, but failed in the house. By its terms that portion of the park lying northeast of the Yellowstone river is segregated from the park and restored to the public domain. The extent of the park, however, is to be increased by the addition of a strip on the east and south in Wyoming.

Mr. Hartman explained the purpose of the bill to be to permit the construction of a railroad to the Cook City Mining region, outside the limits of the park. Mr. Hartman says that the only possible route by which Cook City can be reached by a railroad is along the Yellowstone river from Cinnabar, and as long as both banks of the river are included within the limits of the park the construction of a railroad cannot be undertaken.

FOOD FOR THE DESTITUTE.

Chicago's Starving Unemployed Given Bread and Meat.

CHICAGO, Sept. 4.—Throngs of hungry people again crowded about the temple on Judd and Clinton streets for something to eat. Three thousand or 4,000 were there bright and early ready to receive the first tickets that were handed out. When the day before 11,412 persons were relieved of the pangs of hunger it was thought a large number, but Friday, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m., tickets were handed out for 15,467 persons. One thousand or more were given out of which no record was kept, the rush being so great at one time as to render this impossible.

There were 1,000 persons who had not received tickets when 4 o'clock came. These found their way to the office at 569 Canal street, where Mrs. Kopperl gives out tickets to those who cannot wait. In all 3,605 families were cared for, consisting of 7,358 adults and 8,109 children. This required 13,827 loaves of bread and 4,921 pounds of meat.

Fate of Emin Pasha.

LONDON, Sept. 4.—All doubts that have prevailed as to the fate of Emin Pasha, the noted African explorer, are set at rest by information through A. J. Swann, who for ten years has been engaged in missionary work at Ujiji, and who is now in London.

"There is no question as to his death," said Mr. Swann. "I am as certain he is dead as that I am sitting here. In February a letter came to me while I was at Ujiji, asking what should be done with Emin's effects. This inquiry naturally prompted me to make investigations. I did so, and the result was the information which is authentic to the effect that Jacob Schnitzner, or Emin Pasha, as he was better known, had been killed by a native chief in the Manyema country. This was sufficiently startling information, but it was not the worst nor the most startling. I ascertained that Emin's guard of thirty Nubian warriors had not only been slaughtered, but they had subsequently been eaten by the cannibalistic natives who had overcome the expedition.

Decided to Erase the Dates.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 4.—There was an enormous amount of rejoicing among the Grand Army people here when it was announced that the soldiers' monument commission had decided to remove the Mexican war dates from the top of the monument and leave only the dates of the civil war. This is the most imposing soldiers' monument of the country and the Grand Army contributed about $35,000 toward its cost, with the understanding that it was to commemorate the late war. When the commission in charge of it put the dates of the Mexican war on the upper astragal, posts all over the state protested, the state encampment objected and the national encampment took up the fight by declining to assist in dedicating it next week. Now the commission voted to remove the dates, and now all is serene.

Named by the President.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4. — The president has sent to the senate the following nominations: J. E. Tucker of California, appraiser of merchandise at San Francisco. To be collectors of internal revenue: M. F. Blumenfeld of Wisconsin, for the second district of Wisconsin; W. K. Murphy of Illinois, for the thirteenth district of Illinois; L. C. Smith of Michigan, for the fourth district of Michigan. For postmaster, J. G. Enright at Detroit, Mich.

No More Prize Fights at Roby.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 4.—Governor Matthews has determined to prevent the fight advertised to come off at Roby next Monday night between Griffin and Lavigne. The governor's only power rests in the militia of the state, and he has ordered Adjutant General Irvin Robbins to put the companies of the Third regiment which belong to that section of the state in readiness to move upon Roby next Monday night and stop the fight.

Strike of Railway Men.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Sept. 4.—The Louisville and Nashville employes of all classes, except telegraph operators in this city, have struck. At the principal yards of the company at Howell, two miles from this city, not a wheel is turning. It is said the order to strike originated here, but the most diligent inquiry failed to reveal the source. It was stated that the men of the entire Louisville & Nashville system are out.

The Hughes Case Not Decided.

TOPEKA, Kas., Sept. 4.—A despatch sent out from Topeka this week and published in Chicago, New York and other eastern papers to the effect that the secret had leaked out that Col. Hughes had been found guilty by the court-martial and sentenced to pay a fine of $2,000 and to serve thirty days in the county jail is declared a fake by Secretary of State Osborne. The case has not been decided yet.

Burglars Crack a Safe and Fire a Store.

TUSCOLA, Ills., Sept. 4.—Burglars entered the store of W. W. Jones at Murdock early in the morning. After blowing open the safe and securing $60 they set fire to the store, and the goods and building were burned. The loss is $6,000, with $2,000 insurance. All the township books and records were destroyed by the fire. The burglars have not yet been arrested.

Toughs Caught Applying the Torch.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 4.—Jim Dennig and Sam Clark, members of a notorious gang of toughs, have been arrested while in the act of applying the torch to the Louisville and Nashville railway shops. They were locked up on the charge of incendiarism and will be given the full limit of the law, as public feeling against them is very bitter.

MATTHEWS' COUP.

How Indiana's Governor Shut Up Roby Arena.

DONE AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET

Backed by Tons of Ammunition and a Gatling Gun — Legal Proceedings That Were Rather Hurried Precede the Display of Force—A Receiver Appointed and All Fights Off, Except the Fight in the Courts—O'Malley's Statement.

CHICAGO, Sept. 5.—Seven hundred troops fully armed, with 27,000 pounds of ammunition, to stop a prize fight. This was the situation at Roby, Ind., at the hour at which the pugilistic entertainment promised the sports of Chicago and elsewhere was to have begun. During the day Judge Gillette, of the Lake county (Ind.) circuit court, had granted to the state, represented by Judge Elliott, a writ of quo warranto to annul the charter of the Columbian Athletic club and appointed a receiver, on the ground that the club was violating the law by conducting an illegal business. Deputy Sheriff Hayes was made receiver and took possession of the property.

Court Proceedings Hurried.

The judgment has the appearance of a "snap" judgment. The club's attorneys were on hand at the opening of court to serve notice that in case action against their client was contemplated the latter desired to be heard, but the lawyers were greatly surprised to learn that without going through the strict forms of open court Judge Gillette had already done the business, and that the attorneys would have no chance to be heard. Sheriff Friedricks is angry at the governor for sending troops without any call for them by the sheriff, and as soon as the deputy was in charge left for this city.

Declared the Fights Off.

The news was very disgusting to President O'Malley of the Columbian club, as well as to the thousands of men of all stations in life who had paid from $3 to $10 for tickets. They, however, will lose nothing, as the money will be refunded. A few moments before the advertised time of departure of Lake Shore special trains for Roby the management of the Columbian club announced that they would not run, and the contests between Jimmy Barry and Johnny Conners and George La Vigne and "Young" Griffo would not take place as scheduled. The writ is made returnable on Friday, and then a hot legal fight between the club and the state will begin, the outcome of which will settle the standing of the club. President O'Malley still claims to be confident that the club will win out.

What President O'Malley Says.

O'Malley, in an interview, said that the club was anxious to have the legality of the exhibitions at Roby tested in court, and for that reason four of the members had surrendered themselves at the time of the Woods-Costello fight. The hearing was to come off Wednesday next. He continued: "If Governor Matthews and his attorney general will give us a chance to get before the court we will show that we have a right under the statute and our charter to give sparring exhibitions or we will close up the arena. We are not law breakers, and if any court pronounces against us we will close our doors until the case has been carried to the last court of appeals. Governor Matthews may be all right in his ideas, but according to our lawyers, and we have consulted the best in Indiana and Illinois, we are acting within the limits of the law."

TROOPS AROUND THE ARENA.

The Club House as Dark as a Cemetery and Bayonets All Around.

The situation at Roby is this: The 700 troops of Indiana's National guard, fortified with swords, bayonets, rifles and Gatling guns and 27,000 pounds of ammunition are bivouacked outside the arena of the Columbian Athletic club. The fight was called off before the military demonstration was made at the club house. Benjamin Hayes, of Crown Point, Ind., who was appointed receiver, served an order on Charles Friedricks, sheriff of Lake county, that he should allow no more prize fights at the club house. The sheriff went to the club house at 6 o'clock p. m. and gave notice to the men in charge, leaving a dozen deputies to see that the order was respected. Dominick O'Malley, president of the club, and the men who intended to fight threw up the sponge after 4 o'clock p. m.

No special trains were run from Chicago. Except for the militia the Roby sporting resort was as dull and fully as dark as a cemetery. Less than a hundred sports went out on the electric road half doubting and half hoping that there would be a fight, or at least some fun with the soldiers. "Kid" Lavigne was the only fighter who remained at the club house all night. No such military demonstration to prevent a prize fight has ever been seen in this part of the country and it awed the small crowd of spectators. The militiamen reached the scene at 9 o'clock p. m., by special trains on the Lake Shore and Fort Wayne roads, both of which run close to the club house. All was dark and still, but the commanding officers suspected a ruse to deceive them.

Picket lines were thrown out and a company of boys in blue detailed for sentry duty around the big enclosed arena. The young citizen soldiers expected to see some resisting force, and their surprise was tempered with a feeling of satisfaction that they would not be ordered to fire upon fellow citizens. Some officers went into the arena and found a small party of men taking care of the place, but no sign of a fight. Other officers found their way to the club house adjoining, where liquid refreshments were not secured. Only twenty-four hours rations were brought on each train and no camp equipments, so that the officers and men shared alike. A plank sidewalk with a blanket covering served as the couch for those not on duty, but no one grumbled.

The stopping of the fight will cost the state of Indiana some money as well as the athletic club. When the sheriff saw the soldiers disembarking he quickly abdicated in their favor and went to Chicago, leaving a dozen deputies to represent him. Adjutant General Robins assumed command of the grounds. With him are Quartermaster General Compton; Lieutenant Colonel Carey, assistant surgeon general; Lieutenant C. A. Girard, Battery A, acting as assistant adjutant general; Major Harry Smith, of the Second regiment, commanding detachments of the Second and Fourth regiments of infantry; Lieutenant Colonel Studebaker, Majors Freeser and Miller, commanding the Third battalion, and Captain W. W. Mungen, commanding the section of the Zollinger battery of Fort Wayne.

The battery and Fort Wayne rifles, with three companies of infantry from Plymouth, Warsaw and Marion came in on the Fort Wayne road. Five coaches on the Lake Shore special were filled with two Second regiment companies from Frankfort and Kokomo, with one company each of the Third regiment from Bremen, Goshen, Elkhart, South Bend, Rochester, Auburn, La Porte, Fort Wayne and Plymouth, and two companies of the Fourth regiment from Warsaw and Wabash. The baggage car was full of ammunition and provisions. The Gatling gun was trained on the arena, but its death dealing voice was silent all through the dark hours of the night. The Roby prize fight was decidedly off.

WORLD'S FAIR AWARD SCANDAL.

Higbee Makes a Boast He Cannot Justify —A Big Lie Out.

WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS, CHICAGO, Sept. 5.—The boast of Frank D. Higbee, the accused juror in the Manufactures building, that he would impeach the testimony of Mr. Cary, the bank safe exhibitor, by putting on the witness stand J. W. Norris, a judge of safes and locks, came to naught before the investigating committee. Higbee had declared that Cary had worked four years for Norris, and that the latter was ready to swear he could not believe him on oath. Juror Norris denied all those statements in his testimony. He declared that he had only met Cary twice before in his life and would not have known him again if they met. Higbee's own testimony was a flat denial of all that Cary had sworn to and a counter accusation that it was Cary who was trying to buy an award. Evidently there is some tall lying being done.

Paid admissions to the fair began well this week, the turnstiles yesterday admitting 161,894. New York began a celebration yesterday. Chauncey M. Depew, Governor Flower and many other well-known New Yorkers were present. Depew made the welcoming speech and Flower responded. The day was the anniversary of the discovery of the Hudson river by Hudson, a British navigator in the employ of the Dutch government.

At the Art institute an important World's fair congress was begun—that of the Roman Catholics. Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Spaulding and other noted prelates were present and the pope has sent his blessing. The addresses are principally in defense and advocacy of Roman Catholicism. Cardinal Gibbons was one of the speakers. Another speaker was Edgar A. Gans, of Baltimore, who said that the Roman Catholic church has been the only consistent teacher and supporter of true liberty.

This is the last week of the live stock show.

Hon. T. W. Palmer has returned to his duty as presiding officer of the national commission.

EMIN PASHA UNDOUBTEDLY DEAD,

And His Body Eaten by Cannibal Natives of Africa.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—The Rev. Mr. Swann, a missionary who has just returned from Ujiji, on the east shore of Lake Tanganyika, says that it is impossible to doubt honestly that Emin Pasha is dead. "The most circumstantial reports reached me from four independent sources," said Mr. Swann, "and all agreed as to the details. The Arabs everywhere in Africa are rejoicing over his death." According to the reports received by Mr. Swann Emin had arrived at the residence of Seyd Bin Abed in the country of the Manyemas in the eastern part of the Congo state. A party of Arabs approached and asked Emin: "Where are you going?"

"To the coast," was Emin's reply. The leader of the Arabs, who was armed with a scimetar, then stepped up to Emin and said: "You are Emin Pasha, who killed the Arabs at Victoria Nyanza." Without waiting for an answer he struck off Emin's head with the scimetar. Emin's body was thrown to the Manyemas, who ate it. Subsequently the Manyemas murdered Emin's Nubian followers and ate them. Swann says that these details have been so often repeated that in Ujiji nobody has the slightest doubt as to their correctness.

Doings of the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—The senate passed the house joint resolution making Sept. 18, the hundredth anniversary of the laying of the corner stone of the Capitol, a legal holiday in the District. Gallinger introduced a bill providing that except in cases of established fraud no pension shall be withheld until the pensioner has had ninety days notice, and a full investigation. A bill to repeal the 10 per cent tax on state bank circulation provided that the security for state bank notes is approved, was introduced by Butler of South Carolina. Allen, Populist, of Nebraska offered a resolution to adjourn in respect to Labor Day, but it was defeated—41 to 8. Cullom spoke in favor of the repeal of the Sherman law. Coke spoke against repeal. Peffer wanted to postpone a speech, but Voorhees insisted on going ahead with business. Stewart moved to adjourn, but it was defeated—31 to 20. Peffer then made a free silver speech, but did not finish and the senate adjourned.

The house was not in session.

The German Review at Metz.

METZ, Sept. 5.—The review of the sixteenth army corps, in the presence of the Bavarian and Hohenzollern princes, the king of Saxony, the prince of Naples, the grand dukes of Baden and Saxe-Weimar, many generals and the imperial suite was held on the great plain near this city. Emperor William was cheered constantly by vast crowds to and from the scene of the review. Tens of thousands went out to see the troops, and the city was ablaze with flags and bunting.

British Trades Union Congress.

BELFAST, Sept. 5.—The twenty-sixth annual congress of the Trades Unions of Great Britain and Ireland has opened in Ulster hall. Some 400 delegates were present. After the election of officers the congress adjourned. The congress is estimated to represent about 1,200,000 workingmen.

Will Make a Test of Socialism.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Sept. 5.—Representatives of the Topeka Bellamy colony have arrived here. They expect to secure several townships of land in the Cherokee strip and found a purely socialist community.

Starved to Death in a Box Car.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 5.—William Carroll died at the city hospital. He was found insensible in a box car, where he had been locked in without food or water for ten days. He was a tramp beating his way east from Colorado.

THE NEWS CONDENSED.

Items of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

Charles O'Neal, a farmer, was struck by a freight train while crossing a bridge near Clinton, Mo., and hurled a distance of thirty feet. His skull was crushed and death was instantaneous.

As the result of a flirtation at the World's fair Misses Hahnlin and Plalite of Rockford, Ills., are out two gold watches and a diamond ring.

M. Jaggerson, from Iowa, went on the Cherokee strip to cut hay. His body was found with a bullet wound in the head.

Great grain cargoes are now being shipped on the Atlantic seaboard. One of wheat and corn, dispatched from Baltimore, Aug 8, was of 178,000 bushels, the largest that ever left that port.

Charles Keener, who shot and killed John Hutt last April, was convicted of manslaughter at Akron, O., and sentenced for ten years.

J. C. Crimmins of Oakland, Cal., was shot and killed by his wife, with whom he was quarreling.

A committee representing the 15,000 creditors of the late Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, has laid their case before Mgr. Satolli and the matter will be referred to Rome.

* * *

A thrashing machine near Dayton, Wash., was blown up by an explosion of dynamite. Robert Butler and Gilbert Hunt were fatally injured.

Charles Pyle of Harrisburg, Ills., was arrested at Kokomo, Ills., for stealing eighteen hogs of a Saline farmer last March.

It has been discovered that a gang has been systematically swindling the western railroads at St. Louis by securing passes on request signed with forged names.

The Chicago and Alton will close its machine shops in Bloomington on the last two working days of each month, saving on each of these days $6,000.

James S. Duket has won a test suit at Ashland, Wis. He married Mrs. French when Mr. French was serving a life sentence for murder. Two weeks after French was granted a new trial. The validity of the marriage was questioned.

The governors of Montana and Wyoming will not call extra sessions to elect successors to Mantle and Allen, respectively.

* * *

Mr. Stronach, of Banffshire, who died recently at the age of 98, retire from the British army in 1826, and has since been drawing half pay—a period of nearly seventy years.

Welcome H. Hathaway, a Fall River cotton broker, is charged with raising $107,000 by manipulating false bills of lading.

Lieutenant Samuel C. Robertson, U. S. A., took an overdose of bromide and chloral to steady his nerves at Fort Worth, Tex., and was found dead the next morning.

Jesse Harlan is under arrest at Sigourney, Ia., for abusing his wife, who attempted suicide by drinking carbolic acid, whereby her tongue is nearly eaten off.

Lili Finzelberg, a young German sculptress, who called upon Bismarck recently, attempted to kiss his hand upon leaving him, but the gallant old ex-chancellor gave her the usual osculation instead.

Business is picking up all through Australia and New Zealand.

The Equitable Mortgage company, of New York, has gone into a receiver's hands. The suspension is said to be only temporary from lack of currency.

* * *

During the half year ending June 30 there were failures of 150 farmers in England, as compared with 109 during the first half of 1892.

There are 12,000 Americans residing in France, according to the census of foreigners recently taken.

William Wicks, an employe at the Decatur, Ills., linseed oil mill, fell into a vat of oil and was drowned.

As an indication of how the slave trade survives in Africa, it is stated that last summer a caravan of 10,000 camels and 6,000 slaves left Timbuctoo for Morocco.

The numerical strength of the Church of England in England has been established at 18,730,000. The members of the Anglican church in the United States number about 1,650,000.

John Allen of Mississippi declares that confidence is not yet restored. Just after the repeal of the silver bill he tried to borrow $100 from a New York representative and didn't get it. He points out that the stringency still exists.

Nelson L. Phillips, reporter on the Barre (Vt.) Enterprise, is 82 years old.

The fortieth Iowa state fair opened at Des Moines with a good attendance.

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A hurricane that passed on the Azores islands wrecked many houses at Fayal and Terciera and killed five persons. Several vessels were wrecked also.

Albert Guerry, a portrait painter well known in the south, dined at a hotel at Atlanta while his wife and family were destitute at home, so it is charged.

Chester Scott, a notorious desperado and train robber, together with five others of his kind though less noted, escaped from the jail at Rome, Ga.

Thousands of Dollars

Mr. S. G. Derry.

I spent trying to find a cure for **Salt Rheum**, which I had 13 years. Physicians said they never saw so severe a case. My legs, back and arms were covered by the humor. I was unable to lie down in bed, could not walk without crutches, and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged twice a day. I began to take **Hood's Sarsaparilla** and soon I could see a change. The flesh became more healthy, the sores soon healed, the scales fell off. I was soon able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I had been taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for seven months; and since that time, 2 years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well." S. G. DERRY, 45 Bradford St., Providence, R. I.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, and sick headache. Try them.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Mr. E. S. Willard.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Charity Ball."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Denman Thompson.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Tony Farrell in "My Colleen."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Hanlon Brothers.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

IRELAND'S FUTURE RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

The general editorial tone of the Chicago *Herald* toward the home rule movement has been friendly, and its friendliness has been tempered with a large amount of common-sense, but, occasionally, even the most friendly of American journals will make a mistake when dealing with the Irish question. In its issue of Tuesday the *Herald* says, editorially:

"As for possible separation of Ireland from England, it is lamentable that geography forbids it. What the people so long robbed of industrial, political and commercial rights want is not a new theory of ideal autonomy, but a chance to try a practical one approved by the common wisdom of all modern nations. Ireland wants peace and rest; with the subsidence of agitation that will inevitably follow the actualization of home rule two years hence, her new life of conservative energy, of revived trade, of domestic manufactures, of native literature and of arts, will set in. What Ireland wants with home rule is not separation from any part of the world but vitalization with all of it, and most of all with her next neighbor. Their happiness is bound to be in common. The longer they are kept apart the longer the misery of both. Only the dull or the hypocritical can profess that separation politically would be contemplated for an instant by the people of Ireland, except as the one alternative that remained after repeated rejection of a just demand for restored self-government."

In looking at the map of Europe THE CITIZEN fails to see how geography "forbids" the political separation of Ireland from Great Britain. Portugal is divided mostly from Spain by a comparatively narrow river. Holland is situated almost similarly in regard to Germany, and France abuts upon Belgium, without so much as a ridge between them. Greece is a mere irregular slice cut out of European Turkey. Other examples might be cited, but those instanced will suffice. Portugal alone, of the smaller countries named, slightly exceeds Ireland in size. Ireland's frontiers are defined by the ocean. In the words of Counsellor Egan, when opposing the treaty of Union, "The Creator has stamped upon Ireland the majestic signet of nationhood." Americans, living in an immense country, are so accustomed to associate independence with extent that they, very singularly, forget England's own geographical insignificance when compared with the larger states of Europe. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy well said, in a recent London lecture, that the small nations had made history and conserved civilization.

Desire to avoid further bloodshed and persecution may deter Ireland from seeking to separate herself totally from Great Britain, but no other consideration could make her "loyal" to the connection. There has been too much blood and too much bitterness between the countries. People may exclaim against ancient history and the spirit of revenge, but what might be commendable in an individual could easily become contemptible in a nation. We cannot pretend to speak for all Irishmen, but, for ourselves, we must confess that no boon, present or future, England may grant to Ireland would make us detest her the less. We suppose there are hundreds of thousands of Irishmen who feel as we do, and for this reason: They, like us, feel and believe that England never has granted, and never will grant, anything to Ireland out of a feeling of kindness. Every single concession has been forced from her—yes forced, either by open and desperate violence or by threat of the same, and no truthful writer of history can deny it.

They are all praising Gladstone now—even the cardinals and the bishops and the priests, and, of course, some of the flunkey laymen, ever ready to lick the English hand that once smote their country and their creed and trampled both in the dust. THE CITIZEN cannot forget that Gladstone is the prime minister of England, and that, as such, he represents all the evils of the British imperial system. He, too, for fear of the future of the empire, has been forced into his present attitude, step by step. The Fenians forced him to disestablish the church. Parnell drove him to the partial reformation of the land laws; and the men who are now rotting to death in Portland and in Chatham made it possible for him to advance home rule to its existing status. These facts will not be acknowledged by the "respectables," who did nothing all through the long struggle but look wise and keep their hold on their pocketbooks. Such is human gratitude.

THE CITIZEN does not deny to Mr. Gladstone either genius or progressiveness. He is a consummate orator and the ablest of politicians. He is not a bad man, or an unfeeling man, but he was born in England and retains most of an Englishman's prejudices. He is firmly convinced that home rule is the best thing for the empire, and, hence, he is a Home Ruler. Ten years ago he thought otherwise, and, in opposition to it, declared, memorably, that "the resources of civilization"—meaning the gallows and all its attendant ghastly machinery—were not yet exhausted. But a few of the Irish committed blood-curdling crimes—against England and her representatives in Ireland—and Mr. Gladstone became a convert to more liberal opinions. So also did Earl Spencer and Sir William Vernon Harcourt. This is history, palaver and belly-crawling to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE ENGLISH AND THE TARIFF.

The touching interest displayed by Englishmen in the reduction of our American tariff is something that should make the average citizen put on his thinking cap. We have no colonial traditions that tell us that England ever legislated for our benefit when she had the power to bind us by her laws. Now that we are, supposedly, free from her "maternal" guidance, how does it happen that some of her commercial wanderers are interested so deeply in our economic concerns? The following telegram to the Chicago *Tribune*, which, although Republican, is not rabidly protectionist, is significant:

"WASHINGTON, D.C., Sept. 4.—Great Britain had an inning before the ways and means committee today; and it was noted as a singular coincidence that two representatives of the tight little isle made their appearance before an American body of legislators on Labor Day to urge a reduction of the existing tariff regulations. First, there was a gentleman from the Bermudas, who said the duty on potatoes and onions was a great burden to the islanders, who were brought in competition with the truck farmers of the Atlantic coast of the United States and compelled to sell their products at American prices. This hard ship was all the greater because the tax now exacted was equivalent to an assessment of $10 each upon the inhabitants of the Bermudas. Application had been made to the home government, and in response there came a recommendation to apply to the Democratic congress of the United States for redress. Later on in the session a hearing was accorded a representative of importers of New York and London to protest against the duty exacted on Malaga grapes. During a cross-examination by Mr. Hopkins of Illinois it was developed that the protesting importer is a member of a prominent firm at London, England, and that the grapes for which he claimed a remission of duty were raised in Spain for rich and not poor people. Messrs. T. J. Wodson and Samuel A. Masters, members of the Bermuda house of assembly, are the gentlemen who favor the abolition of the duty on vegetables imported into the United States, alleging their products were nearly all (in 1892, 95 per cent) imported into the United States between April 1 and June 15, a period when, it is alleged, the products of the United States of like kind are not in the market. In reply to a question by Mr. Dalzell, Mr. Wodson said that the McKinley bill did not keep out their goods—he was afraid that Bermuda would have to send them to the United States any way. Mr. Turner asked if they had made shipments to the 'old country.' Mr. Wodson replied that they had, but found them unsuccessful. Replying to Mr. Payne he said that the United States got all their surplus—in fact all they raised."

It will be remembered that the cry raised by the Free Traders in 1884, 1888 and again in 1892, was that the American farmers were not protected sufficiently. Now that the McKinley law does protect them against foreign competition, the Free Traders will, no doubt, urge the Democratic congress to deal with them as they intend doing with the "infant industries." Well, go it, gentlemen, while you can. Let down all the bars, throw open all the ports, d—n the tariff and hurrah for good fellowship all around! Good-fellowship with England, and soup houses for American workingmen! It is, indeed, a healthy and seductive programme. By the way, how do the American workingmen feel about it?

MR. SHANKS AND THE CRANKS AND IRISH DAY.

The alleged executive committee of Association of Irish Cranks and Kickers is out with another fulmination, which recalls most vividly the Three Tailors of Tooley street, "damned to everlasting fame," in connection with Napoleon the Little. These crazy busybodies, whose "emotions" are as variable as the winds of spring, recently took upon themselves to "invite" Mr. Shanks, lord mayor of Dublin, to "receive a reception" from them on the occasion of his projected visit to the World's Fair. Then, Shanks was a saint, according to them. Now, according to the same "authority," the devil a saint is Shanks. THE CITIZEN must confess that it had heard little or nothing of Shanks until he was taken up, as a new advertising medium, by the Cranks and Kickers, whose only strength lies in their being able to impose upon uninformed Yankee editors, eager for a "sensation," at the expense of "the Irish." "Shanks' Mare" is familiar to everybody, but Mayor Shanks would be utterly unknown here, only for the Cranks and Kickers, who now, with their customary boorishness, wish to "repudiate" him. Lucky Shanks! He does not know what a sad—very sad—fate he has escaped. The experiences of Mr. Sparks, Charley O'Malley's friend, in the English sanitarium, would be as nothing in comparison with poor Shanks' experience among these "looney" limbs of the devil, nearly every man of whom ought to be in a strait-jacket. They would be positively dangerous if they were not excessively laughable. There is just enough knavery combined with their lunacy, to make them pungent. They are not a huge, but a small joke. All that was needed to make them supremely ridiculous was the association of them with Shanks, in the matter of "repudiating" a man who, doubtless, has never heard of them. Shanks had a row with the Dublin aldermen over a dinner party, to which he forgot to invite them, and, because of this, they rescinded the vote by which he had been re-elected lord mayor. Shanks may have been shabby in his treatment of the Dublin aldermen, but they were equally shabby in their treatment of Shanks. Imagine the people of Chicago repudiating our own and only Carter, because he forgot, or had not the power, to invite them all to dinner! In Dublin, it seems, the aldermen elect the mayor, not the people. So much the worse for the people and the mayor.

But the confederated Cranks and Kickers were not satisfied with "repudiating" the unfortunate Shanks. They had to, in spite of the aphorism of St. Paul, "kick against the pricks." Here is what they had to say about the celebration at the World's Fair on Sept. 30:

"In regard to the so-called 'Irish Day' at the World's Fair our friends are warned that a deception full of evil omen to the Irish cause and injurious to the good name of Irish citizenship is being practiced upon them and the public at large. It emanates solely from the discredited triangle faction, which has brought disgrace and dishonor on the Irish name, and which hopes by a specious appeal to national pride to regain the position it has lost through the crimes of its leaders, who have lost their grip even on the remnant of their own organization outside of Chicago. A few well meaning outsiders have been drawn in, but the committee is essentially a triangle body, and the Irish business men of Chicago who ought to lead such a movement have neither voice nor responsibility in the 'Irish Day' matter. The real object of the promoters is to parade as the leaders of the Irish race a number of aspiring politicians who trade on Irish sentiment. This is the real programme for 'Irish Day' at World's Fair. Its purpose is the re-habilitation of the triangle as a factor in Irish and American politics, to both of which it has proved a curse. It must be stopped at all hazards. If the self-appointed committee will not alter its plans willingly it must be compelled to do so by force of decent Irish and American public sentiment. We ask the aid of our countrymen throughout the United States in preventing this crowning disgrace. Let our watchword on that day be: 'Slaves and dastards, stand aside; knaves and traitors, faugh-a-ballagh!'"

A more lying and despicable statement than the foregoing was never made by any body of men, large or small. The wonder is that any reputable newspaper could be found weak enough to publish such arrant humbug. If any faction in this country has brought discredit and disgrace on the Irish name, it is the faction which has no regard for an oath, or honor or common decency—the confederated Cranks and Kickers. This faction burn, with a hellish longing, to persecute and destroy their own countrymen, simply because they cannot lead or drive them. Dublin, in 1798, never presented anything more revolting than their conduct in the past and the present. They would have been invaluable to Pitt, and Castlereagh and Camden. They feel perfectly at home in the atmosphere of prosecution and persecution. In taking an oath, they must have "kissed their thumbs," for they have no more regard for their obligations than a cow has for a holiday. They are never so happy as when vomiting up their "secrets" in the face of a public made already sick unto death by the horrible odor of the products of their reversed digestion. "Knaves and traitors," forsooth! They are both, and they know it. "Slaves and dastards"—they are slaves of the demons hatred and jealousy, and they are dastards, because they resort to assassin methods—the public innuendo and the secret, infamous circular to accomplish their ends. The devil himself must tremble at the thought of having to give them accommodation when their dreadful work on this earth is accomplished and their wretched souls are summoned to the Plutonian shades.

It is well known that the promoters of Irish Day care nothing about Mr. Shanks, his comings or his goings. They cannot follow every Irish faction fight, and, if they were deceived in Mr. Shanks, they were originally misled by the Cranks and Kickers' Association. Irish Day will go ahead, regardless of Shanks and the Cranks. History, by the way, is full of the doings of the Shanks—Long Shanks, Crook Shanks, Red Shanks and the rest; but in our day, the Cranks and the Kickers seem to take up a great deal of the world's valuable time.

PREMATURE THANKS.

Now, that the Irish Home Rule bill has passed the house of commons, by the comfortable majority of 34 votes, many sanguine people have hastened to congratulate Gladstone on his "victory." Among the congratulators are the Irish Federationists of New York, headed by Addis Emmet, Eugene Kelly and Major John Byrne. These gentlemen, not content with lauding Gladstone, included in their official laudation a hope for the prosperity of the British Empire! Well, well. Why is it that certain Irishmen, when they wish to be polite, must crawl upon their bellies to carry out their design? Emmet, Kelly and Byrne are, doubtless, averagely respectable and dignified men, outside the realm of statesmanship. Inside of it, they have written themselves down grovelling flunkeys and toad eaters. They have a deal of impertinence to assume to speak for the whole Irish race in such a connection. Such egotism is simply insufferable. The trio do not speak for the Irish race. They certainly do not speak for THE CITIZEN, which, Home Rule or no Home Rule, most ardently longs for the humiliation and total breaking up of the British Empire.

Then, also, who can guarantee the passage of the Home Rule bill even now? True, it has passed the commons, but the lords are pledged to defeat it ten to one. England has a majority against the measure, even in the present representation. The lords look far beyond Home Rule. They look to their own hereditary privileges which will be, beyond question, impaired vitally if ever the federative principle becomes supreme in Great Britain and Ireland. They feel that the English people are with them, and that feeling makes them bold and confident. Home Rule, if passed at all, is sure, in any case, to be unreasonably delayed. Irish congratulations to Gladstone, and blasphemous wishes for the success and prosperity of the British Empire, may well be delayed udtil something tangible has been accomplished. The shadow is here, but the substance is delayed.

THE IRISH AND THEIR BRITISH ALLIES.

A London dispatch, dated Saturday, says: "Now that the Home Rule bill is virtually disposed of the Liberal government is facing the situation, somewhat simplified, but still difficult. It must be admitted that the present moment marks the lowest ebb in the popularity of the Liberal party, and a general election if it took place now would result in its severe defeat. The reason is that the long struggle, though in the highest possible degree successful, has only a moral victory for reward. No tangible reforms which apply to the interests of Great Britain have yet been gained. The patience of the masses would not, therefore, bear the strain of a test at the polls.

"The real question now is whether the splendid loyalty and discipline of the Gladstone majority can be maintained for the passage of other bills, which are of much greater vote-making importance in England, Scotland and Wales. The opposition fully realize the situation and probably will take advantage of it by bringing to bear the same tactics against other measures in the Newcastle programme as against Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone's strength with the people is sure to grow with every day spent on the other bills, especially labor legislation.

"The Irish members recognize their great debt to the prime minister, and their duty to co-operate as heartily in the support of the employers' liability, registration, parish councils and other bills, as they gave to Home Rule. This will put upon them heavy burdens of personal inconvenience and pecuniary loss. Failure in their allegiance now, however, would be as fatal to the Home Rule campaign as desertion would have been during the struggle which ended this morning."

THE CITIZEN does not believe that the Irish will be less attentive to their parliamentary duties when British measures are up than than they were when Home Rule occupied the attention of the house of commons. The "one man one vote" bill, for example, means as much to Ireland as to Great Britain. Unless this bill becomes a law within twelve months, Gladstone would not be safe in dissolving parliament on the Home Rule issue, which is, unquestionably, unpopular in England proper, and rapidly growing more so. The Irish parliamentarians would be the biggest fools in the world if they failed to give their British allies honest support in their reform measures. Apart from mere policy, gratitude and common loyalty should guide them on the true path. THE CITIZEN does not doubt that they will do the correct thing.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

There is an evident feeling of distrust and uneasiness between France and Germany, growing out of the recent Franco-Italian troubles. The young Emperor is busily engaged just now in reviewing his corps d'armee and making speeches. In the latter art he has greatly improved, and seems to have drawn himself nearer to the people. Sedan Day—so humiliating to France—was generally celebrated throughout Germany, on Sept. 1. In deference to the wishes of the late Emperor, William I, the demonstration in Berlin was kept within moderate bounds, so as not to wound the susceptibilities of French residents. All the armies of the great military powers are working hard this fall, in anticipation of a bloody conflict in the near future. Austria, Russia, Italy and France, as well as Germany, are having their autumn maneuvers. The Berlin *Post* does not like the situation. In a recent issue it says:

"Germany's situation is a serious one, and all efforts to effect friendly relations with France have failed. France's success in Asia, the consciousness that it has reached the limit of perfection and strength in its army, and last, but not least, the hope of Russia's military co-operation have acted as a stimulant to the French temper. Germany is not to blame, and celebrates with assurance in the face of future dangers with the same determination that it showed in 1870."

The French themselves do not think they have yet reached the limit of perfection and strength in their army, as, in the grand muster of regulars and reserves, they are still a little behind Germany. They want to surpass her, and this was chiefly why the young Kaiser insisted on his recent army bill. No sensible man would wish to own a farm on the Franco-German frontier just now.

DEATH OF A BONAPARTE.

Col. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, and grandnephew of the great Napoleon, died at his summer home, Beverly, N. J., on Monday night, of the same disease which killed his great uncle at St. Helena—cancer of the stomach—a malady that seems to have been inherent in the Bonaparte family, as both the father and grandfather of the Man of Austerlitz fell victims to it. Col. Bonaparte's grandmother was Elizabeth Patterson, daughter of a wealthy citizen of Baltimore, who married Jerome against her father's wishes. Jerome Bonaparte came to this country in 1803 and met Miss Patterson in Baltimore. Napoleon I. was displeased at the marriage, and in 1806 declared it void. It was afterward recognized as legitimate by the French authorities. Their son, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, was the father of the subject of this sketch, who was born in Baltimore in 1832, and when 20 years old graduated at West Point. Until the resignation of his lieutenancy in the United States army he served on the frontier with the mounted riflemen. He entered the imperial French army Sept. 5, 1854, served in the Crimean war against Russia in 1854–55 as engineer at Balaklava, Inkermann, Tchernia and the siege of Sebastopol, for which distinguished services he was decorated by the Sultan of Turkey, made knight of the Legion of Honor of France, and received the Crimean medal from the Queen of England. He was in the Algerian campaign of 1856–7, and the Italian campaign against Austria in 1859. He was in garrison at various posts, 1856–67, and in the guard of the Empress of France, 1867–70. On the fall of the empire he with difficulty escaped with his life from the commune in Paris. At the close of the war in 1871 he returned to this country and married the same year, at Newport, R. I., Caroline Reloy Edgar, formerly Miss Appleton, granddaughter of Daniel Webster. His younger brother, Charles Joseph, is a lawyer in Baltimore, and survives him, as does also Mrs. Bonaparte, who is prominent in Newport and Washington society.

Col. Bonaparte was a large and handsome man, with but little in his appearance to recall the great Corsican, who made the family illustrious. He was a familiar figure on the streets of Washington, and while apparently haughty in demeanor, was very urbane in private intercourse. He had the peculiar fascination of manner which seems to have been a gift of all the Bonapartes. Had Napoleon recognized the marriage of Jerome with Miss Patterson, Col. Bonaparte, who was nephew of Prince "Plon-Plon," and cousin of Prince Victor—the Bonapartist pretender—would have been heir apparent to the vacant imperial throne. His younger brother, Charles Joseph Bonaparte, is enough like the great emperor, in personal appearance, to vividly recall the Last of the Cæsars.

MRS. HART'S IRISH VILLAGE.

Mr. Ernest Hart's Irish Village is doing a great business in these days of increased attendance at the World's Fair. All who visit it go away pleased with what they have seen, which, in the architectural and industrial sense, is Ireland in miniature. The programme at Donegal Castle Village Green is ever varied and attractive, and the familiar "skiol" of Piper McSweeney's bag pipes sets the Irish heart aglow, and the Irish feet a tripping of the "light fantastic." Limerick reels and Kerry jigs, "country dances and Tipperary "break-downs" follow each other in, apparently, endless succession. But better than all is the display of Irish home manufactures—friezes, tweeds, woodwork and ornamental carving. The spinning wheel is a prominent feature of the neat cottages, where Irish matrons and colleens seem as much at home as when on their native heath. The Castle, the Round Tower and the ruined abbey lend romance to the place, and recall the far away old land more vividly than either pen or pencil. No person, and particularly no Irish person, should leave the World's Fair without seeing Mrs. Hart's unique and interesting Irish Village.

By a collision between a Panhandle "flyer" and a Fort Wayne milk train, at the "Y," near One-hundred-and-fifth street, on Thursday morning, ten people were killed outright and nearly a score badly injured. Among the dead are, Manager Anson Temple, of the Schiller theatre, and E. M. Rigney, traveling freight agent of the Wisconsin Central road.

THE Hon. Hamilton Fish, Gen. Grant's Secretary of State, died at his country residence, Garrison-on-Hudson, at 6 o'clock on Thursday morning. He was in his 86th year.

ST. PIUS' CHURCH DEDICATION.

Following is the list of aides to Grand Marshal F. T. Nichol, the formation of column, and the line of march of the societies which will parade at the dedication of St. Pius' church next Sunday, Sept. 10:

Grand Marshal—F. T. Nichol.

Aides to Grand Marshal—John Carey, Stephen Coughlan, John Foley, D. McGann, L. Henely, Col. Ford, J. J. Conroy, Dr. D. O'Shea, Dr. Wm. Evatt, J. A. Jaeger, James Kennedy, J. J. Owens, T. Keyes, Dudley Solon, J. Durkin, Wm. Zeyke, Adam W. Jaeger, Col. F. T. Colby, Thomas Holland, P. J. Kennedy, Ed. Moroney, Michael Heaney, Anthony G. Bandl, J. J. Prindiville, J. Casey, Lawrence Buckley.

First Division—P. B. Flannigan commanding. Clan-na-Gael Guards will form on Ashland boulevard, left resting on Jackson; Knights of St. Patrick rendezvous on north side of Jackson boulevard, right resting on Ashland; Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew, right resting on left of Knights of St. Patrick; Ancient Order of Hibernians, Divisions 1 to 23 on north side of Jackson boulevard, right resting on left of Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew; Divisions 26 to 37 on south side of Jackson boulevard, right resting on Ashland.

Second Division—John P. Coan commanding. Uniformed Rank, Catholic Order of Foresters, Courts 4, 54 and 59 on Ashland boulevard, north of Jackson, west side of street, right resting on Jackson; Courts 1, 8, 18 and 128 on east side of Ashland, left resting on Jackson.

Third Division—John Devlin commanding. Catholic Knights of America, Father Mathew T. A. & B. Society, on Jackson boulevard, west of Ashland, right resting on Ashland; Holy Family Married Men's Sodality, St. Pius Sodality, on Jackson west of Ashland, left resting on Ashland.

The line of march will be south on Ashland boulevard to Twelfth Street boulevard, west to Paulina street, south to Twentieth street, east to Ashland, north to Nineteenth street, where the column will pass through St. Pius church, coming out on Nineteenth street and disperse.

Marshals are requested to have their societies in their proper places at 9:30 a.m., as the procession will start at 9:45. All other societies not herein mentioned will take their place in the rear of the third division.

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE.

Following is the faculty of St. Ignatius College for the coming year: Rev. Thos. Fitzgerald, president; Rev. Geo. Hoeffer, vice-president; Rev. H. M. Chalmer and Rev. A. A. Dierkes, professors of philosophy; Rev. James Corbley, professor of rhetoric; Mr. Louis Kellinger, S. J., professor of poetry; Mr. John O'Connor, S.J.; professor of humanities; Messrs. Thomas Nolan, S.J., and Lawrence Kenny, S.J., professors of first academic; Rev. M. Cornely and Mr. L. Newell, S.J., professors of second academic; Mr. Francis Morfeld, S.J., and Mr. James Stack, A. M., professors of third academic; Mr. William Brown, A. M., professor of first commercial; Mr. F. Stanley, A.M., professor of second commercial; Mr. Maurice Donoghue, preparatory department; Rev. C. Charropin, evidences of religion; Rev. F. Berberich, professor of mathematics; Mr. A. F. Heitkamp, professor of sciences; Rev. Father Cornely, German; Rev. Father Chambers, French.

What Do You Take

Medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, or because you wish to prevent illness. Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla CURES all diseases caused by impure blood.

Purely vegetable—Hood's Pills—25c.

CHRIST'S CHURCH

Holds Its Magnificent Congress in the Hall of Columbus, Art Institute, Chicago.

A Splendid Gathering of Clerical and Lay Representatives of the Roman Catholic Faith From All Parts of America.

Archbishop Feehan's Fine Address of Welcome—Response by Cardinal Gibbons—Other Exercises.

The World's Fair Catholic Congress assembled in the Hall of Columbus, at 10:30 o'clock on Monday morning. The great structure was crowded to its utmost capacity, with distinguished clerics and laymen, their friends and sympathizers. It was, in fact, a splendid demonstration. President Bonney, of the World's Congress Auxiliary, met Cardinal Gibbons and the other prelates and, assisted by Vice-President Thomas B. Bryan, of the World's Fair, and Clarence E. Young, secretary, escorted them to the Art Institute, in which the convention hall is situated. Seated on the platform on either side of the cardinal were Archbishop Feehan, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia; Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul; Archbishop Hennessey, of Dubuque; Archbishop Jansens, of New Orleans; Bishop Redwood, of New Zealand; Bishop Waterson, of Columbus, Ohio; Bishop Foley, of Detroit; Bishop Chatard, Bishop Moore, Bishop Heslin and Bishop Maes.

Mr. W. J. Onahan called the convention to order, and introduced Archbishop Feehan, who delivered the following eloquent address of welcome, which was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic bursts of applause:

ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN'S ADDRESS.

Members of the Catholic congress—both the ladies and the gentlemen composing it—it is for me a most happy occasion that it becomes my duty, in the name of the Catholic body of this city, and also in my own, to welcome you to Chicago. You are assembled here from various portions of our country, not only from the parts that are near, but also from the most remote. You must have been brought together by a strong, high motive, as you are bound together when you come here by the strongest of all bonds, that of common faith. You come in the spirit of our faith actuated, directed by our faith. You come not to question or to affect in any way whatever the ancient faith and discipline of the Catholic church, but you come to discuss some of the great questions and problems of life and of our time that are intimately connected with and that spring from the teachings of our Catholic faith. There are no questions of our time more interesting or more important than those that are on the programme of the Catholic congress.

We have that great question of the independence of the holy see; you have the great question—one of the greatest of all—that of Catholic education. Then you have the great social questions of the day, the ideas of which have been taken, in a great measure, at least, from the encyclicals of our holy father, Pope Leo XIII. You come here, then, with very grave responsibilities. You come, as it were, as the centre of the Catholic church. You come representing its thought, its life, its interests. You do not represent yourselves individually, nor do you represent any special theories or fancies of individuals of our times; but you represent parishes, congregations, bishops, whole dioceses, great states—you represent all these vast and mighty interests, and as a vast body you represent at least the ten million members of the Catholic church, if not more. You come then as if to a greater centre. You come as brave, wise men to discuss great questions for the interests of those millions.

You do not come to please yourselves; you don't come for the mere pleasure of coming, nor for recreation, as so many multitudes are coming just now to our city, though these need not be excluded; but you come principally for that grand high work that has been placed in your hands of looking after the interests that are involved in some of the great questions that will be discussed and spoken of in this assembly. You assemble here today in a high spirit of loyalty to the Catholic church, of loyalty to its supreme pastor, Pope Leo XIII. (Applause.) You come together as sons of the great head of the faith. You come mindful that God's church is your great mother, and, as the loyal sons in a family, will always uphold the dignity and honor of the family, so will this vast assembly uphold before the whole world the honor, the nobility and the dignity of the Catholic church. Not only are you concerned for the interests of our common country; but the men of other lands are today and tomorrow will be looking to the results of this Catholic congress in Chicago. The world is full of agitation. Men's minds are everywhere active, and men in every civilized land today and tomorrow will be looking forward to know and to see what free men in a free land can feel and think about the great questions that are agitating our times and that are everywhere pressing for a solution. They have then at heart the honor and the dignity of the church and of the whole Catholic faith. You will watch over them carefully in your addresses and in your deliberations. We know and believe, all of us, earnestly and firmly, that no word will go out to the world from this Catholic congress that will wound or offend in the slightest degree the Catholic conscience or Catholic feeling of our people throughout the United States. (Cheers.)

We know that all your deliberations will be guided by that spirit under which you have sat today. Within an hour or so you have been in God's presence and in his temple, and you have asked the spirit of God to come down to your souls and guide your deliberations. We all hope that the spirit of God and the spirit of light will be with you, and that everything you say or do will be guided by that high, strong fidelity of Catholic sons to our Catholic faith, and that everything you say or do will be distinguished by the dignity and the harmony that we have the right as we have every reason to expect from this great representative body of the Catholic faith and the Catholic people. (Cheers.) You will have the pleasure now of hearing from Mr. Bonney, the gentleman who has been the life and soul of all those organizations and congresses, except the Catholic congresses, connected with the great exposition.

Addresses of welcome were then delivered by President Bonney and Vice-President Bryan. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, followed with a speech of acknowledgment, in the course of which he said:

THE CARDINAL'S ADDRESS.

Perhaps the best model of courtly dignity and courtesy that I could set before you is W. E. Gladstone, the Grand Old Man. I happened to be in the house of commons in 1880 when Mr. Gladstone was prime minister as he is today. A very long debate was going on regarding taxation. The ministry were in favor of transferring a tax from the grain to the malt and of relieving the farmer at the expense of the brewer. It was a measure that would bring joy to the heart of the archbishop of St. Paul. A young lord on the opposition side was making a dreary speech to the effect that it was better to let well enough alone, and that the relations between the tax collector and the tax payer were of an amicable character and should not be disturbed. As soon as it was announced that Mr. Gladstone was going to speak, the house was suddenly aroused from its lethargy and was inflamed with enthusiasm. He was greeted with cheers. He had spoken but a few words when he was rudely interrupted by the young lord. Mr. Gladstone gracefully bowed to his opponent, receded a step and sat down. When his lordship had finished he resumed his speech; he dissected his opponent with his Damascus blade; his lordship submitted to the operation because the blade was pointed not with poison, but with honey.

"I have studied the subject of finance," said Mr. Gladstone, "under Sir Robert Peel. I have sat at his feet like Saul at the feet of Gamaliel. I am an old man and have not the sanguine temperament of my honorable young friend. And as for me, I never expect to see the day when the tax collector and the taxyayer will rush into each other's arms and embrace one another."

God grant that our fondest anticipations of your labors may be realized and that the invocation today of the divine blessing, which is so full of hope, may be crowned at the end of your sessions by a Te Deum full of joy and gratitude for the success of this convention. (Applause.) As an earnest of this result I hold in my hand a letter which I had the honor to receive the other day from him who has been so beautifully and justly extolled by the preceding speakers. I hold in my hand a letter from His Holiness, Leo XIII—(cheers)—and in this letter he pours out upon you all his apostolic paternal benediction. May the blessing of the holy father, may the blessing of Almighty God—his God and our God, his Father and our Father—descend upon you all and upon your deliberations. May his blessing enlighten your minds and inflame your hearts and be a happy earnest of the harmony and union that will dominate all your proceedings. (Loud cheers.)

The secretary then read the letter of Pope Leo XIII, in which he expressed his satisfaction at the meeting of the congress and sent the members his apostolic benediction.

The temporary organization of the congress was then announced by Mr. Onahan as follows: Temporary chairman, Morgan J. O'Brien, of New York; secretaries, James C. Lawler, Prairie du Chien; Prof. James F. Edwards, University of Notre Dame, Indiana; and James F. O'Connor, Christian Brothers' college, St. Louis and Chicago.

Judge O'Brien, on assuming the chair, delivered a lengthy and fluent speech, dealing with questions of Catholic interest in a masterful manner.

The secretary read letters from Mgr. Satolli, Cardinal Logue, Cardinal Vaughan, and other eminent churchmen. A brief address was delivered by Archbishop Redwood, of New Zealand.

The following gentlemen were appointed a committee on temporary organization: D. F. Bremner, Illinois; William P. Breen, Indiana; Francis T. Furey, Pennsylvania; Jeremiah Fennessy, Massachusetts; M. Smith Brennan, Delaware; L. V. O'Donoghue, New York; Michael Brennan, Michigan; P. P. Connor, Missouri; John P. McGolrick, New York.

Richard H. Clarke delivered an address on "Columbus and his Mission." Martin F. Morris, of Washington, D.C., read a paper on "The Independence of the Holy See," and some brief remarks were made by Monsignor Nugent, of Liverpool, England. Miss Mary Onahan read a highly interesting paper on "Isabella, the Catholic' and Her Influence in the World."

Walter George Smith, of Philadelphia, read a very able essay on "Civil Government and the Catholic Citizen."

He was followed by Edgar H. Gans, of Baltimore, who read a paper on "The Relations of the Catholic Church to the Social, Civil and Political Institutions of the United States."

An admirable paper on "The Consequences and Results to Religion of the Discovery of the New World," prepared by George Parsons Lathrop, was read by M. H. Guerin, of this city.

Solemn high mass, for the benefit of the delegates to the congress, was celebrated at St. Mary's church on Monday morning. Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Feehan and many other prelates were present. The Rev. Father Murphy, pastor of St. Mary's, was celebrant, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Gillan and Dyer. The address of welcome was delivered by the Rev. Father Muldoon, chancellor of the archdiocese.

IRISH DAY AT THE FAIR.

[To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, Sept. 5.—In the Sunday papers there appeared an article headed "Trouble Promised on Irish Day" supposed to emanate from a circular signed by the Confederated Irish Societies. While I am not surprised at their opposition to Irish Day, I did think that common-sense, would teach them that discretion was the better part of valor—and though knowing their opposition to every Irish movement, I did believe the knowledge of displaying their weakness and insignificance would deter them from making any adverse criticism on the proposed celebration of "Ireland a Nation" at the great World's Fair. If the Home Rule bill passed the house of lords, and the Irish people were called upon to fittingly celebrate the opening of the Irish parliament in College Green, and the regaining of their long lost rights, and if such mandate was not signed by the president of the Confederated Irish Societies, we would have a circular warning us of the event and prophesying something "full of evil omen to the Irish cause." Lord Mayor Shanks was elected by the Nationalists of Dublin—the people who stood faithful to the leader whose splendid services to the people of Ireland made the passage of the Home Rule bill through the house of commons possible—and as their representative he is entitled to any reception the people here see fit to give him. We can assure the Chicago press and people there will be no trouble on Irish Day, and no such circular has been received by the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Chicago, who are a unit for making the celebration one of the grandest successes in their history; and whatever opposition does come will come to us through the newspapers, some of which seem ever ready to create factions and sensations. Those people haven't following enough to scare a defeated dog from the scene of combat, but they have unwittingly served a cause they sought to injure; no circumstance that could possibly arise would give a greater impetus to the movement, for every Irishman with a spark of true national spirit enkindled in his soul will turn out on Sept. 30 and show, by his presence, his contempt for such impertinent interference from such quarters.

E. QUINN.

GAELIC POETRY.

Columcille Ro Chan.

Cellebhradh ualm-se d' Aruinn,
Cellebhradh truagh, mar shallim;
Misi com chur soir co h-I,
Is i fodhlai ó'n dilinn!

Cellebhradh ualmsi d'Aruinn;
Is é chrádhus mo chroidhe,
Gan bheith shiar air a tonnaibh,
Eidir dhrongulibh naemh nimhe!

Cellebhradh ualmsi d'Aruinn;
Do chráidh mo chroidhe credhail,
Is é in cellebhradh fa dheoidh;—
Uch! ni dom dheoin an deghail!

Cellebhradh ualmsi d'Aruinn;—
Is é an cellebhradh dubhach;
Is i lán d'ainglibh finda;—
Misi gan gilla um churach!

A Mhódhaiu mhóir, mhic Mheirsheing,
So-ágh dhuit in ni ráidhim,
Misi dom chur an aisdir:—
Tusa d'fhastadh an Aruinn!

Uch! is cian, ón uch is cian!
Rom cuiredh ó Aruinn shiar,
Go ria slógh Mónaigh amach,
Ar inchuibh na n-Albanach.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Columcille Sang.

ST. COLUMCILLE'S FAREWELL TO ARRAN ON SETTING OUT FOR IONA OR I.

The literal translation of this poem is given for the benefit of students. There are several English metrical translations, the best known being that by Aubrey De Vere:

Farewell from me to Arran,
A sad farewell, to my feeling.
I am sent eastward to Hy,
And it separated since the flood.

Farewell from me to Arran;—
It is it anguishes my heart,
Not to be westward at her waves,
Amidst groups of the saints of Heaven!

Farewell from me to Arran;
It has anguished my heart of faith;
It is the farewell lasting;—
Oh! not of my will is the separation!

Farewell from me to Arran;—
It is the farewell sad;
And she filled of angels fair;—
I without an attendant in my cot!

O! Modan great, son of Mersong,
Fair prosperity to thee what I say,
I being sent afar;—
You established in Arran!

Alas! it's far;—Alas! it's far,
I have been sent from Arran west.
Towards the population of Mona east
To visit the Albanachs! (men of Alba)

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

OBITUARY.

MR. MYLES HOLLOWED.

Mr. Myles Hollowed, brother of John and father of Myles Hollowed, both well known citizens of Chicago, died at his residence, Winding Brook, Rathcoole, county Dublin, Aug. 24, after a few days' illnes. He was fortified by the rites of the church. His funeral was largely attended. THE CITIZEN sympathizes with the Messrs. Hollowed, of this city, in their bereavement.

EXCURSION OF BOSTON NATIONALISTS.

Last Sunday the members of the South Boston Irish-American Club, and their wives, sisters, and other fair relatives proceeded on an excursion to Gloucester on board a steamer bearing the name of that old New England town, and sporting a green flag from its mainmast. After a three hours' enjoyable cruise along a picturesque coast, the party disembarked, and dined at the Pavilion Hotel, where some six hundred sat down to table. After a satisfactory menu had been disposed of, the company broke up in groups, and visited several places of interest in and around the town, which was once famous for its mackerel fisheries, and is still the home of many fisher folk. On the return trip to Boston in the evening an appreciative as well as enthusiastic audience gathered in the ladies' cabin and listened for over an hour to the speeches of Lawyer Murray, Editor Fitzwilliom, D. A. Moreland, ex-city clerk of Woburn, and Eugene Davis. Mr. Cornelius H. Delany, the amiable president of the club, assisted by the zealous and indefatigable Mr. Foley, had charge of the exercises. The speeches favored the acceptance of the Home Rule bill, but only as an instalment of better things to come, all the speakers insisting on the principle of ultimate sovereign independence for Ireland, a country which, they believed, would yet possess not only a parliament but an army and navy of her own. Among those present were Messrs. Sullivan, O'Connor, O'Brien, Browne, Barret, Dyer, Tobin, and Flangan, and quite a bevy of bewitching Irish belles. The success of the excursion was due to the zealous efforts made by the organizing committee, prominent among the members of which were Messrs. Harding, Foley and Maguire who did all in their power to make the guests comfortable, and were eminently successful in their labor of love. I may add that Mr. Fitzwilliam, the Bard of South Boston, electrified and amused the audience throughout the day by recitations and songs from his recently published volume of verses.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

THE WORLD'S WISDOM.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

The Father of his Country would as a rebel be
Classed by our grave historians and annalists, if he
Had failed to crush King George's troop on this side of the sea.

The nations all with one acclaim would lift their caps, and hail
Great Emmet as the savior of new-born Innisfail,
If he had wrenched from England's grasp the freedom of the Gael.

So wags the world's wisdom, which brandeth as a crime
A failure, and is proud to call a victory "sublime":
Nothing succeeds as doth success in every age and clime!

IRISH NEWS.

Leinster.

The Very Rev. W. J. Ring, O.M.I., of the House of Retreat, Inchicore, is at present in the United States on business of an official character connected with the congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The distinguished Oblate Father is certain to receive a warm welcome from Catholics of all nationalities in the United States.

The Dublin *Gazette* contains the following announcement: "Her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to appoint, by warrant under her Royal Sign Manual, the Most Rev. Archbishop William Joseph Walsh, D.D., to be one of the commissioners of Charitable Donations and Bequests for Ireland, in the room of John Baldwin Murphy, Esq., resigned."

The fair held recently at Dundalk was unusually well supplied with stock of all descriptions, but the tone of the market was, on the whole, rather dull. A large number of cattle went home unsold.

A sad drowning case occurred at Salthill, Galway, Aug. 22, when James Guilfoyle, a custom house officer of Dublin, lost his life while bathing in the immediate vicinity of Blackrock. Mr. Guilfoyle was taking care of his brother, Father Guilfoyle, who is in a delicate state of health.

Mr. James Dowling died at his residence, Terenure, on Friday, Aug. 18. Mr. Dowling was for many years the managing clerk of Messrs. William Fry & Son, solicitors, 14 Mount street, lower. Mr. Dowling was always a staunch Nationalist, being a repealer with O'Connell, a Young Irelander, and an uncompromising Parnellite. The news of his death will be learned with regret by all who knew him.

Mary Cavanagh, wife of James Cavanagh, Dublin street, Dundalk, died at her residence Aug. 19, at the age of 70 years. The interment was at Castletown cemetery.

Connacht.

Mrs. Thomas Guinane, of Esker, Castleblakeney, county Galway, died Aug. 15, aged 63 years. The deceased was beloved by her acquaintances, particularly by those in her immediate neighborhood, who were the best judges of her many excellent qualities. Her funeral was unusually large, which speaks for her popularity.

The eviction campaign on the Sligo estate was continued on Monday, Aug. 21, when some bailiffs and a force of four police proceeded to Lanmore and Cloonsheel for the purpose of evicting sixteen tenants. These tenants hold in 'co,' and their average rental is something about £8 per annum. The land is exceedingly poor, and the wonder is how the unfortunate people were able to eke out an existence on such miserable holdings. Only six of the sixteen were dispossessed and those were subsequently reinstated. The remaining ten settled, having promised to pay two years' rent immediately and two more in a short time. The operations of the evicting party were discontinued on Thursday, but a fresh batch of eviction notices were served on the board of guardians at their meeting on Thursday.

The Month's Mind for the late Very Rev. T. M. Phillips, P. P., D. D., V. G., was held in the parish church of Roscommon at 11 a.m. on Tuesday, Sep. 5.

John O'Malley, died at his father's residence, Shop street, Westport, on the 17th ult., at the age of 18 years.

Munster.

A farmer named George Sparling, residing in Adare, shot himself dead with his gun, on Aug. 19. A son of the deceased was out shooting crows, but the father arriving on the shooting ground, took the gun from the young man and shortly afterwards shot himself, placing the muzzle to his head and blowing away a portion of the skull. At the inquest on the same evening before the county coroner, Dr. Ambrose, the jury returned a verdict to the effect that the deceased committed suicide while suffering from temporary insanity.

On Aug. 22 the body of Patrick Lyndon, one of the unfortunate boating party on the Shannon, was washed ashore near Moyne quay. The body of one of the Bovenzir brothers was also washed ashore.

On Aug. 22, at an inquest on the remains of the deceased boatman Murphy, who was washed ashore at Kilrush on the previous day, a verdict of accidental drowning was returned, and the jury added a rider to the effect that the boat was overcrowded, and that it was not in a seaworthy condition. Three more bodies—two men and a woman—have been washed ashore at Carrowdota and Islevaroo, adjacent to the town.

At a meeting of the Council of the Young Men's Society, held on Aug. 18, the following resolution was adopted: "That this council hereby desires to express its deep regret at the death of the late Mr. Patrick Walsh, of Ballybricken, whose loss, as a highly esteemed and worthy member of our society for many years, we most sincerely deplore; and that a copy of this resolution be sent to Mrs. Walsh.

Mary H. O'Connor, daughter of the late Edward O'Connor, Michael street, Waterford, died on Aug. 2e, at the age of 13 years.

It is pleasant just now, as you stroll through the fields, to hear the ring of machinery in all directions and mark the ripe corn fall to the knife of the reaper. No doubt this is a prosperous year as regards the crops in our island, and the genial weather we have hitherto enjoyed has brought with it its own reward. Cereals in South Kilkenny this year come up to the standard, oats are abundant and good, and barley cultivators will find themselves well repaid for their labors. Wheat cultivation has declined in this direction but the small portion sown looks splendid. The bulb crops are equally good. Potatoes are everything to be desired, and turnips and mangolds look luxuriant in the fields. People say it is "a return to the old times." May it be so. Who would not wish a return of the "good old times?"—*Kilkenny People.*

Ulster.

A painful sensation was created in Enniskillen on Monday, Aug. 14, when the news was learned of the death by drowning of Miss Katie McElgunn, aged 16 years, daughter of Mrs. McElgunn, Anne street. Miss McElgunn, when the sad fatality occurred, was on a visit to her uncle, Mr. Robert Hamilton, Dowra, and on the day in question she, accompanied by Miss K. T. Hamilton, went to bathe in the River Shannon. However, she suddenly got out of her depth, and was drowned.

During the past few weeks the potato blight has made its appearance throughout East Down. The stalks, especially along the seacoast, are totally brown, with the exception of a new sort called "Bruces." Notwithstanding the fading of the stalks, the tubers up to the present have shown no sign of disease, and the crop except where late planted is expected to be an abundant one.

On Tuesday evening, Aug. 15, a slight thunderstorm passed over Cookstown and neighborhood. There was little rain or lightning, but it appears that some time during the evening a man called John McGurk, residing with his brother at Evishbrack, was killed. He went to look after some cattle on Bellivena More mountain, two miles distant, and about ten miles from Cookstown, and did not return. Search in the dark was useless, but next morning his dead body was found, with a hole in his hat and his hair singed.

On Tuesday, Aug. 22, while John Wills, a coachman in the employment of Mr. Kennedy, job carriage proprietor, and undertaker, Dunleary, Monkstown, was driving a mourning carriage to attend a funeral at 2 o'clock p.m., in the neighborhood of Carrickmines, the wheel of the carriage loosened from the axle and fell off, and Wills was thrown violently against a wall, his head coming in contact with the stones. Medical attendance was obtained without delay, but Wills never regained consciousness, and expired in a few minutes. He bore an excellent character, and leaves a widow and two young children.

Information Wanted.

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of Mary Anne Reilly, who was born in Eyre street, city of Galway; left Galway for America in 1860; last known residence was in Broadway, New York. Address Martin Reilly, gateman, W. & L. R.R., Listowel, county Kerry, Ireland.

The Approaching Dinner Hour

Is fraught with no pleasant anticipations for the unhappy mortal plagued with dyspepsia. Appetite seldom, discomfort after and between meals, always is his portion. Heartburn and flatulence subsequent to eating, a gnawing at the pit of the stomach before it, are only a few among the woes arising from this truly impish complaint. Sick headache, nervousness, constipation and biliousness are its diabolical offspring. Each and all of them are annihilated by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which tones the gastric organs and regulates the liver and the bowels with certainty and promptitude. Chills and fever, kidney trouble, rheumatism and neuralgia are also remedied by this medicine of rare purity and comprehensive uses. Invalids of all kinds are greatly and swiftly benefited by it.

T. Shea, Tailor.

374 W. Madison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Three Harvest Excursions.

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to all of the best farming sections in the West and Northwest, will be run on Aug. 22, Sept. 12 and Oct. 10. Return tickets good for twenty days. Low rates. Apply for further information to nearest ticket agent, or addre George H. Heafford, G.P.A., Chicago.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

In pursuance to a resolution passed at the last meeting of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, all members of the Order in Cook county are hereby requested to be present at Twelfth street and Blue Island avenue, on Sunday morning, Sept. 10, at 9 o'clock, for the purpose of participating in the parade in honor of his Grace, the Archbishop of Chicago, on the occasion of the dedication of St. Pius' church. As it is expected that the most eminent ecclesiastics in the Catholic church from all over the country will be present at the dedicatory ceremonies (being then in the city as representatives to the Catholic Congress) it is earnestly desired that all A. O. H. men in Chicago will be in attendance without fail. All members should endeavor to provide themselves with the new regalia for this occasion if possible.

P. B. FLANAGAN,
County Delegate.

IRISH-AMERICAN COUNCIL.

There will be a meeting of the Irish-American Council at Fitzgerald's hall corner Halsted and Adams streets, on Sunday, Sept. 17, at 3 o'clock p. m., to elect a marshal and to transact other business concerning Irish Day at the World's Fair. Each society is requested to send three delegates.

JOHN FOLEY, President. M. CONROY, Secretary.

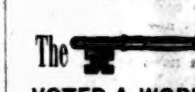
SIXTY-SECOND AND SIXTY-THIRD-STS.
Opposite World's Fair.

EVERY DAY, RAIN OR SHINE,
(SUNDAY INCLUDED),
at 3 and 8:30 p. m.

THE COOLEST PLACE IN CHICAGO.

Driest, Cleanest, Neatest and Most Comfortable Resort in Chicago. No mud, no dust. Best place to go on rainy days; 20 feet from all railroads.

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST
AND CONGRESS OF ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD.

The  to All.

VOTED A WORLD-BEATER.

THE BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN OR
Custer's Last Charge.

18,000 Seats. Covered Grand Stand. Herds of Buffalo, Wild Steers and Bucking Bronchos.

Alley L, Illinois Central, Grip, Electric and Horse Cars all stop at the entrances going to or coming from the World's Fair.

Admission.....50 Cents
Children under 10 years.....25 Cents

Boxes and Box Seats on sale at McIntosh's Library, 31 Monroe-st. Popular Price Restaurant on the Grounds.

LOST!

The public is hereby notified that Elk Run Distilling Company warehouse receipts Nos. 19,631, 19,632, 19,633 and 19,634, issued by Allen-Bradley Company, of Frankfort, Ky., on Feb. 8, 1893, to Delaney & Murphy, Chicago, Ill., has been lost or stolen. Said warehouse receipts cover twenty (20) barrels Elk Run Bourbon whisky, serial Nos. 54,245 to 54,264 inclusive, inspection Jan. 20, 1892, and stored in bonded warehouse of Allen-Bradley Company in Jefferson County, Kentucky. The above mentioned warehouse receipts and the whisky covered thereby is our property and if said warehouse receipts are now held by anyone, said possession is without right. All persons are hereby warned against trading for or purchasing same as the delivery of the whisky has been stopped.

DELANEY & MURPHY,
Chicago, Ill.

THOMAS MURPHY,
DEALER IN
Wines, Liquors and Cigars,
Donegal Irish Village,
Midway Plaisance.

JAMES MAHER,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.
79 Clark Street,
ROOM 14. CHICAGO.

AT EVENING.

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cool,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord, have wandered from thy fold,
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks,
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their plaintive complaints—oh, rest is sweet
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts.
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for thy coming—when the light departs
At evening bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far.
Without thy lamp we know not where we are.
At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snowdrifts thicken.
O thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
In the waste night; our tardy footsteps quicken.
At evening bring us home.

—Exchange.

A DUEL IN THE DARK.

Up to the time when occurred the incident which I am about to relate I had been what is called an unlucky fellow, having an unfortunate propensity for stroking the wrong way and unwittingly bringing down upon myself the ill will of the people with whom I came in contact. A friend once tried to explain this misfortune of mine on the theory that the electric fluid with which I was charged was of the antagonistic order, and that I was in no way responsible for the enemies that I made.

At this time I was in Paris, having been sent there by my friends, who were then making an effort to procure for me a position of some importance. In view of my fatal incapacity for doing or saying the right thing at the right time, they deemed it indispensable to my success that I should be at a safe distance until the matter was decided.

That I should choose Paris for my place of retirement was but natural, since a young lady in whom I felt a somewhat absorbing interest was at the time stopping in that city.

I had become acquainted with her in my college days and was sure that she at least felt no antipathy to me. Her father, who was a retired army officer, took a very decided dislike to me at sight and gave as a reason that I had "no fight" in me. The arrogant manner in which he treated me in those days left no room for doubt that he considered me a coward.

Shortly after my arrival I met the young lady by an appointment which was clandestine only so far as that I was aware of her father's absence from the city on that day. It was evening when, somewhat fatigued by our sightseeing, we entered a cafe on one of the boulevards for lunch.

As we passed through the broad entrance we encountered two men who were lounging against one of the pillars. The larger and much the stronger of the two was carelessly brushing the floor with his cane. Just as we reached him he, if not intentionally, yet with an indifference to the rights of others that was inexcusable, switched the stick against us in such a way as to tear a part of the lady's lace dress. I was indignant, and a glance at her flushed face made me feel that I must do something to show my resentment.

This feeling was strengthened when I observed the indifference which the fellow displayed in regard to the affair. He made no attempt to apologize, and when I remarked, "You were very careless, sir!" he gave me an insolent stare that angered me beyond control, and forgetting for the moment everything else I spoke to him sharply. He made no reply, but extending his cane entangled it in the lady's dress so that the delicate fabric was again torn for a yard or more.

The man with him, a much younger person, started as if to check him, but the movement was not decided enough to make it quite clear what his intentions were.

I was frantic with passion, and with one blow struck the fellow to the floor, then hurried my companion away from the scene. The expression of surprise upon the faces of the bystanders did not escape me, and I realized intuitively that I had dared to assail a man of more than ordinary importance.

We were hardly seated when the younger man came to me, and bowing said, "I beg monsieur's pardon, but my friend whom monsieur felt called upon to rebuke wishes to exchange cards."

He held toward me an ordinary visiting card, which I took without glancing at it and handed him one of my own. Courteously thanking me for the favor and again begging my pardon, he withdrew.

"Oh, how thankful I am that you knocked that brute down!" exclaimed my companion. "How I wish that papa could have seen you! I will tell him of it, and he will never—no, never—again call you a"——

She suddenly checked herself and did not finish the sentence, but I knew well enough what she would have added—her father would never again call me a coward.

It did not trouble me then. I felt very brave and smiled down upon her sparkling eyes with a "that-is-an-everyday-sort-of-experience-with-me" expression.

After lunch I escorted her to her home, then returned to my hotel and very soon retired.

I had not finished dressing next morning when the door of my room was suddenly opened, and a man entered unannounced and apparently in great excitement. I was not surprised at this abruptness when I saw that it was my eccentric friend, Wilson, whom I had found living in the city.

Without a word of greeting or apology he exclaimed: "Well, you have done it! I congratulate you upon your notoriety. I came early and have not stopped for ceremony, because I wished to be the first to pay homage to the latest Parisian hero."

I stared blankly at him, vainly trying to comprehend what he was driving at, but supposing that this was only another exhibition of his whimsical character.

"Did you know who he was when you struck him?" he continued.

"Know whom?" I queried.

"Why, the man you struck last night, of course."

"I do not know, nor do I care," I replied indifferently, but wondering how Wilson had heard of the affair.

"Well, it was no less a personage than M. le Baron, the noted duelist."

"What! not the man who, it is said, has killed his dozen?" I questioned, no longer indifferent.

"The same. The morning papers are full of the affair."

I explained the circumstances.

"Le Baron had evidently been drinking too much," pondered Wilson.

"What will be the result?" I anxiously inquired.

"Duel," was the laconic answer.

I could not suppress a feeling of faintness when it flashed upon me what would be the result. A duel with M. le Baron meant almost certain death. A refusal to accept a challenge would ostracize me from society, and more than all else would lose me forever the love of the one being above all others whose affection I most wished to obtain. I knew the young lady and her father too well to suppose that they would look upon me again if I in any way showed the white feather. The matter was taking on a decidedly unpleasant aspect. I looked at Wilson. He was busy stabbing a fly which was crawling along the floor minus a wing.

"Do you think he will challenge me?" I inquired nervously.

"Challenge you!" he repeated contemptuously. "Challenge you! Why, it is proverbial that Le Baron would rather fight a duel than eat. Challenge you! Why, of course he will, and I came here this morning expressly to offer myself as your second. Of course your position as principal in this business is more glorious, but then it is more dangerous. Shall I meet the messenger when he comes and make the necessary arrangements?"

"Certainly," said I, "and thank you, but I trust the matter is not so serious as you make it appear."

"Oh, it will come out all right if you will follow my directions implicitly, but you may be very sure the challenge will be sent this morning. Remember you are to leave the whole thing to me."

We were still talking over the affair when a card was brought me, upon which I read the name of Adolphe Boscher, captain Thirty-third cuirassiers.

"He is Le Baron's second," declared Wilson as I read the name. "Let him come up."

The captain on presenting himself expressed much regret at being called upon to perform "an unpleasant duty," but was interrupted by Wilson, who explained to him that his visit was not unexpected, and that he himself had been requested to act for me. He suggested that they immediately depart to make the customary arrangements, to which Captain Boscher assented with more apologies.

Left to myself, I began pacing up and down the room, anxiously reviewing the situation. To refuse to fight this man was out of the question. Life, I felt sure, would not be worth living without the woman I loved, and if I declined the challenge I should never be allowed to look upon her face again. On the other hand, to meet Le Baron was, in all probability, to meet my death. A cold shudder crept over me at the thought. That was the only thing to do, however—to meet the fellow and let him kill me. I should then at least have the satisfaction of knowing that my beloved one would honor my memory.

The hours passed as only the hours can pass to a man who believes that he has but a short time to live. About noon I received a note from Colonel Russell, the father of my dear girl, in which in his brusque way he informed me of his knowledge of what had occurred and expressed the hope that I would meet the scoundrel and kill him. If I did, he would like to see me afterward.

In the afternoon Wilson returned with the announcement that all the arrangements had been made.

"It is to occur tonight," he said.

"Tonight," I repeated. Why such haste?"

"Oh, to get it off your mind. And we have selected swords."

"Swords!" I echoed. "I know no more about handling a sword than a child! You must have known that Le Baron is credited with being the most expert swordsman on the continent. I should think you might at least have chosen pistols. That would have given him advantage enough, heaven knows, but swords—I don't know the first rudiments of swordsmanship. It is murder, cold blooded murder, and you are an accessory!"

"Pooh! it is all right if you don't so entirely lose your head as to be unable to follow my instructions."

"Where is this assassination to take place?" I inquired, paying no heed to his remark.

"In the cellar of a deserted building just outside the city, and we must get ready at once, for it is booked for 10 o'clock, and we have some distance to ride. You make your preparations, while I run over to my lodgings and get some articles which we shall need."

He left me, and I attempted to get ready. First I sat down and wrote, or attempted to write, several letters. In my nervous excitement I could only dash off incoherent and broken sentences, which told nothing save my overwrought emotions. I did not realize this at the time, did not realize anything but that I was to be killed without even a chance to defend myself, for a sword in my hand was as useless against my opponent as a cannon would have been.

On Wilson's return we immediately proceeded to the carriage which he had in waiting and entered upon our journey. I felt as if riding to my own funeral. On the way Wilson commenced, "The duel is to be in the dark without any light whatever"——

I interrupted him angrily: "In heaven's name, Wilson, what is your purpose? Why, I will not go! I will not"——

"Oh, stop!" he put in. "Show a little manhood. Pull yourself up and hear me through. The duel, as I was saying, is to be conducted in a dark room. They objected to this when I first proposed it, but on my naming swords as the weapons they consented. You and Le Baron are to be locked up in a room without any light and remain there until one or the other is killed or disabled or begs for quarter. And now for my directions to you: Just before you go in I will hand you a glass of wine which you must drink and, without stopping an instant, enter the room selected for the combat. Don't delay one moment after drinking the wine, or it will be bad for you. Do as I say, and you will be the victor. Ask no questions, but do as I direct."

I did not half comprehend him, but caught at the assurance that he understood what he was doing, and I felt a slight hope that he could and would find some way out of the difficulty.

Some miles from the city we turned into a private way which led to a deserted chatean.

M. le Baron, Captain Boscher and the surgeon were already on the spot. With the slightest recognition of one another we descended to the basement, carrying but one lantern to illumine the way.

The room in which the duel was to take place was about 10 feet square, without windows and with but one door. It was very high and the walls were built of split stones. I looked eagerly about, but could see no chance for outside aid to reach me. I should have been mortally nervous had not the lofty and supercilious air of Le Baron aroused my anger.

The final arrangements were quickly made, and we each took a corner, sword in hand. The conditions were briefly restated, that there might be no misunderstanding—we were to remain each in his corner until the door was shut, when, after waiting one minute, the signal would be given, and we should be at liberty to slash each other as much as we could, the fight to continue until one or the other was unable to carry it further.

My corner was farthest from the entrance and opposite it.

After the seconds had left the room, taking the light with them, Wilson on some pretext or other returned and handed me a small flask. Then turning me about so that my back was toward the open door, through which the light was streaming, he whispered:

"Drink this, but do not turn until I go out and shut the door, and after the duel is ended, before the door is opened, close your eyes tightly and keep them closed until I come to you and bandage them. Say that they are hurt. Your life depends upon following my directions."

Before I could reply or question, he left me, and the door was shut. The liquor I had swallowed seemed to course through my veins like lightning. My head felt strange and my eyeballs began to prickle. I turned and was surprised to see what an immense volume of light poured through the small keyhole. As I looked it increased until the room was so light that I could distinctly see every part of it. I glanced at my antagonist and beheld him so plainly as almost to be able to distinguish his features. He was adjusting something inside his shirt front. I was about to call attention to the breach of the condition that the room should be in total darkness when the signal was given to make ready.

Le Baron grasped his sword and leaned forward as if he were endeavoring in the dim light to make out something in front of him. At the second signal he stepped heavily forward, but surprised me by quickly springing to one side and then moving stealthily toward the center of the room. I could not understand his tactics and did not move. He swung his sword fiercely with a downward sweep, then to the right and left and all around him, acting like a blind man sticking at an invisible enemy.

Again he moved in my direction, going through the same performance, and this he repeated several times until he came so near me that for safety I moved to one side.

"Where are you?" he grumbled, swinging his blade around.

"Here," I replied, and as he moved in my direction, brandishing the sword, I stepped aside again, but he kept on in the direction of my voice. For a moment he stood still, swaying the weapon like one who depends solely upon his sense of touch. I was so near him and the opportunity was so tempting I gave a lunge at him. He made no attempt to ward off the attack, and my sword touched him. Then he turned quickly, slashing the air in a circle, but making no motion toward me.

It dawned upon me then that he could not see as I could, and I was not long in taking advantage of this. I could easily keep out of his reach, while he was completely at my mercy. I compromised with myself on the advantage I apparently had over him and did not attempt to kill him, but I most cruelly disfigured his face, cutting it until I feared he might die from loss of blood.

It could not have been half an hour when I saw that he was growing weak, and I ended the farce by knocking him senseless to the floor. Then, closing my eyes and holding my hands over them, I called for help. Wilson, the captain and the surgeon came running in.

My friend hastened to me, saying: "Your eyes are hurt! Here, let me put this handkerchief over them while monsieur the surgeon attends to Le Baron."

He deftly placed a thick bandage over my eyes, and refusing the proffered aid of the physician he led me up stairs and to the carriage which was to convey me back to the city and my hotel. Le Baron, I afterward learned, was badly "cut up," both physically and mentally, but none of his wounds was dangerous.

On the way home, when I asked for an explanation, Wilson said:

"Well, you know I have made chemistry an absorbing study. Once, while compounding digitalis with some chemicals, I tried its effect upon a dog and discovered that he could see in the darkest room, running with perfect ease while I had to grope my way along. On bringing him to the light too suddenly afterward, I sacrificed his eyesight to my curiosity, for he was thenceforth almost totally blind. Only after several trials did I sufficiently understand the workings of this compound not to injure the animal experimented on.

"Except myself I have never tried it on any human being until tonight. It is a secret that I am not ready to give to the world. You must remain in your room tonight, and tomorrow you can have but little light. I will be with you."

The morning papers gave a full account of the defeat of the great duellist Le Baron and highly praised the courage and skill of his American opponent.

During the day Colonel Russell called, but learning that I could not see him left congratulations and told Wilson that he hoped I would call on him as soon as I was able to be out, as both his daughter and himself were very anxious to see me. I called that evening and learned that I had won the admiration of the father as I had the love of the daughter.

In a short time I received a cablegram from my friends at home telling me that the country had heard of my fight, and every one was wild over my valor. My position was sure.

I returned to my home with a lovely wife and a most flattering reputation for courage, all obtained by vanquishing a bully with the aid of an "eye opener."—Charles E. Hoag in Romance.

Mr. McQuade's Crest.

"Dinnis," said Mr. Hurlihy to Mr. McQuade, "since the grocery business has prospered so foine wid ye, an you're puttin on the bit av shtyle, you'd oughter be afther havin a crist an a monnygrum, man, along wid iverything ilse." "A crist an a monnygrum," repeated Mr. McQuade dubiously, "an shure, where would Oi be afther foindin 'em?"

"A monnygrum's aisy made in a minute by a tasty man," said Mr. Hurlihy, with condescension. "Oi c'd twine yez a D, an an M, an a Q if Oi once put me moind to it, but a crist ain't quite so simple. It's got t' be an animile or a figger av some sort that'll have a riference to the fayther an gran'fayther av yez, an sometimes there's a couple av wurruds goes wid it."

"Phwat kind av wurruds?" inquired Mr. McQuade.

"A motter, man, settin out the principles av yure family an ancisthors," replied Mr. Hurlihy, with a comprehensive wave of his hands.

"No nade for yez to say anny more," cried Mr. McQuade, with an expression of great relief. "Oi'm thinkin Dinnis McQuade'll have a crist wid the best av 'em if that's phwat's wanted."

"An what'll it be?" inquired Mr. Hurlihy.

"A hin," said Mr. McQuade, with decision, drawing an imaginary biped in the air with a sturdy forefinger; "a hin wid a broight eye on her, her round head bint forrud an her ligs jist a-goin, an round the head av her the wurruds that gran'fayther shpoke to me fayther manny's the toime when wurruk was slow comin an fayther was loike to fale discooraged. 'Kape scratchin!' the ould man 'd say, an good advoice it was. Oi'm thinkin there aint manny c'd have a bettther crist than the McQuade's!"—Youth's Companion.

Why We Do Not Take Scalps.

If war is unhappily still prevalent, it is at least not war in which every clan is fighting with its neighbors, and where conquest means slavery or extirpation. Millions of men are at peace within the limits of a modern state and can go about their business without cutting each other's throats. When they fight with other nations, they do not enslave nor massacre their prisoners.

Taking the purely selfish ground, a Hobbes can prove conclusively that everybody has benefited by the social compact which substituted peace and order for the original state of war. Is this, then, a reversal of the old state of things—a combating of a "cosmic process?" I should rather say that it is a development of the tacit alliances and a modification so far of the direct or internecine conflict. Both were equally implied in the older conditions, and both still exist. Some races form alliances, while others are crowded out of existence. Of course I cease to do some things which I should have done before.

I don't attack the first man I meet in the street and take his scalp. The reason is that I don't expect that he will take mine, for if I did fear that, even as a civilized being, I should try to anticipate his intentions. This merely means that we have both come to see that we have a common interest in keeping the peace. And this, again, merely means that the alliance which was always an absolutely necessary condition of the survival of the species has now been extended through a wider area.—Contemporary Review.

Two Views of Scripture Reading.

At the American chapel at Luzerne a Protestant Episcopal minister from this country (low church) read the lessons with such naturalness of manner and propriety of emphasis as to elicit the admiration of a visitor, who afterward remarked, "How delightful to hear the Scriptures read with such sense and feeling!" She was surprised to hear the sister of a high church rector, American also, exclaim: "I can't agree with you. I think it almost blasphemous for a man by such stress and emphasis to impose his own interpretation on the word of God. The Scriptures should be read in monotone."—Christian Advocate.

Altogether Too Easy.

George is a plain, matter of fact boy, outspoken and honest, who does not permit anything to ruffle him. At his examinations some of his answers were much like the boy. When he was asked what was the difference between decimal and common fractions, he replied promptly and with the air of that question being almost too easy:

"Oh, a decimal fraction has a point, and the other hasn't." — New York Times.

RISKS TAKEN ON LIFE

INSURANCE MAY NOW BE SECURED IN MANY QUEER FORMS.

Blizzards and College Educations, Floods and Automatic Sprinklers, Loss of Cattle and Loss of Incomes Are All Provided For by Many Schemes.

President Eliot of Harvard recently suggested a practical scheme by which parents might insure a college education for their sons and daughters. It was proposed that the parent should pay to some reliable insurance company a certain sum annually, beginning with the third year of the child's age, the company guaranteeing to pay the child, beginning with his eighteenth year, the sum of $400 per annum for the next four years. To the mind of the layman there was an attractive novelty about this scheme, although it is in fact only a new way of proposing a very attractive form of contract offered long ago by life insurance companies under the title of "deferred annuities."

The fact that college educations may be insured suggests the constant multiplication of all kinds of insurances. Fifty years ago this country knew very little about insurance of any kind save the simple contracts of insurance against death and fire. Today there are various forms of accident insurance, marine insurance, insurance against blizzards, hurricanes and floods, live stock insurance, plate glass insurance, steam boiler insurance, insurance against burglars, mail matter insurance and, queerly enough, insurance against damage from automatic sprinklers, which are themselves a part of insurance against loss by fire.

Nearly all of these schemes are the outgrowth of Yankee ingenuity, save in the case of insurance against live stock, which, according to Paul du Chaillu, did a flourishing business in Iceland 600 years ago. Many of the other forms of insurance owe their origin to special calamities, against the recurrence of which shrewd business men proposed to take chances. Insurance against floods, for example, originated with the Conemaugh disaster in the spring of 1889, and insurance against cyclones began just after the town of Grinnel, Ia., was devastated in 1883.

One of the most interesting forms of insurance is the accident business, in which the companies make their profits on broken bones, cracked skulls, tarantula and snake bites, sprained muscles and scalded bodies. A man in Syracuse recently broke his arm, and 20 days' later, having failed to take precautions, he died of pneumonia. The court held that he died of an accident, and the insurance company in which he held an accident policy had to pay. Another man, who lived in Morristown, N. J., got up in the night to close a window. While walking across the room in the dark he struck his shin on a chair. Inflammation developed, followed by grave complications, and the man died after having had his leg amputated. The insurance company contested that he had neglected to take proper precautions in not lighting a candle before crossing the room, but the court held against this theory, and the company paid the loss.

The court of appeals of this state recently affirmed a ruling of the supreme court in the case of M. M. Paul, who was suffocated in his sleeping room by escaping gas. Both courts held that he died from an accident. These rulings tend to show that there is no little difference of opinion as to what constitutes an accident.

In England the courts hold views as to the meaning of the word "accident" that differ widely from the interpretations of the American courts. The court of appeals in England, for example, recently decided a case of a farmer who was killed by a bull in crossing one of his fields. It was the opinion of the court that the man incurred an obvious risk in crossing the field in the presence of the bull; that any man taking reasonable precautions would not have incurred such a risk, and that his death was not due to an accident, as implied by that term in his policy.

Another English case was that of Cole versus Accident Insurance company. Cole went to his barn one night to get some medicine which he kept there. A gust of wind blew out his candle, and in the dark he took from the shelf a bottle of corrosive sublimate, of which he took a large dose. The court held that this was not a case requiring the accident company to pay any loss, though it is hard to see why it was not an accident pure and simple.

Life insurance, while apparently a very simple undertaking per se, is sometimes employed in abstruse and complicated business methods. Some of the heirs of the late I. V. Williamson, who died in Philadelphia in March, 1889, have recently resorted to a novel contract in life insurance for the purpose of realizing on an estate that according to the terms of the will would not have been theirs until 1899. Mr. Williamson left an estate valued at $11,163,822, of which $6,000,000 was placed in trust to accumulate for 10 years, when it was to be distributed equally among 35 relatives, if they survived. Six of these relatives desired, however, to realize at once on their inheritance, and it was accordingly proposed to gratify their desire by an issue of $100,000 bonds for each person.

These bonds are secured by an assignment of $110,000 of each person's interest in the estate, or $660,000 in all. As, however, each inheritance depends upon survival until April 1, 1899, the bonds are further guaranteed by an insurance of $100,000 on each person's life, issued by a prominent New York company and paid up to that date. These policies have been in turn assigned to the trustees of the collateral security for the benefit of the bondholders, and the said trustees will issue $600,000 in debenture bonds, paying interest thereon out of funds deposited with it for that purpose. —New York Times.

AN UNUSUAL ANÆSTHETIC.

A Dentist's Experience With a Woman and an Aching Tooth.

The drummer had told a commercial story, and the dentist, who had been extracting much pleasure therefrom, followed with a professional yarn.

"At one time in my early practice in a country town," he said, "there came to me a very nervous woman to have a tooth extracted. She carried on so that I could scarcely get her into the chair, and as soon as I put the forceps near her mouth she screamed and bounced around so I couldn't do anything with her. After two or three visits, each worse than the other, I suggested that I take her to the nearest large town, where a dentist administered gas. Well, the tooth hurt her so that at last she consented, and I took her there, about 25 miles by rail.

"I went armed with a pair of forceps as a matter of habit, and when we got to the place and she saw the gas bag and other appliances she had them again worse than before, and I had to give it up and take her back home. I was thoroughly provoked and felt like taking a club to her, but she had money and was paying for her foolishness, so I tried to restrain my feelings. About 10 miles out from town as the train was plugging along about 20 miles an hour, and she was holding her jaw and I was holding mine, in the seat beside her, we struck a broken rail, and the last thing I knew we were rolling down an embankment and being piled up at the bottom in a very promiscuous fashion. I don't know how it came about, but I wasn't hurt much, and when my senses were fully restored I dragged my patient out through a window and laid her on a bank near by. She was pretty badly bruised and had been knocked senseless, and as I was endeavoring to restore her a brilliant thought occurred to me. The next moment I had out my forceps, and the next I had out the confounded tooth. Two hours later one of the physicians who had been summoned had restored her to consciousness, and as she opened her eyes and saw me standing by her side she clapped her hand to her jaw and exclaimed:

"'Oh, doctor, I knew it would be terrible, but I didn't think it would be so bad as that. However, though, it is out at last.'

"Then she went to sleep, and it was a week before she knew the real facts in the case."

"Did she pay you anything extra?" queried the drummer doubtfully.

"No," smiled the dentist, "but the railroad company did—$5,000—and I got half."—Detroit Free Press.

Where Iron Is Sacred.

Among the Baralongas, a great African people, iron is a sacred object. They are expert workers in metal, which they still smelt from its native ore by the most primitive methods ever devised by man. This art was to them in former days a source of wealth, influence and power, and the legend is that when people did not know the value of the stones found in their brooks a "wise man" saw a vision. The spirit of his chief stood beside him and said, "Gather stones and burn them to make spears." The sage thought it was a dream and that the chief was hungry, so he sacrificed an ox. But the vision returned, and the chief looked sorrowful. He stood a long time, and at last said:

"My son, why do you not obey your father? Go to the river, gather stones and make a hot fire. After that you will see iron with your eyes."

The sage was greatly frightened and feared some calamity, but dared not refuse. When he had made a hot fire, iron came out of it, and then he knew the chief had taken pity on his children. He told his son the secret before he died, but he was a vain coxcomb, and wishing to show his own wisdom made iron in the presence of strangers, and so the secret of the art was lost to his tribe, but they have always continued to regard iron as sacred above all other metals.—Million.

Wisconsin's Indians.

In 1836, when Wisconsin was organized as a territory, the civilized tribes of Indians living in Wisconsin were the Brothertowns, the Stockbridges and the Oneidas. The two former were located on Lake Winnebago, in Calumet county. By acts of congress all the Brothertowns and a part of the Stockbridges were made citizens of the United States. The uncivilized Indians were the Pottawatomies and the Winnebagoes.

We live in what was the Menomon Indian country in 1836. At that time they could muster at least 2,000 warriors. Now they are civilized. They furnished many excellent soldiers for the Union army, and that service accelerated the civilization of the tribe. Probably they could not now furnish over 300 men fit for military service.

The Chippewas diminish less rapidly, but the Pottawatomies are nearly extinct in this state. The Winnebagoes were sent to Nebraska, but several bands returned and have homestead lands in northwest Wisconsin. They do not progress much in the direction of civilization.—Appleton (Wis.) Crescent.

Merriment at a Funeral.

Merriment is regarded as out of place at a funeral, yet an inhabitant of Montgaillard, who had been dubbed the "Misanthrope" on account of his gloomy and reserved disposition, inserted a clause in his will to the effect that any of his relations who should presume to shed tears at his funeral would be disinherited, and on the other hand he who laughed most heartily was to be his sole heir. He further gave directions that neither his house nor the church was to be hung with black cloth on the day of his burial, but both were to be decorated with flowers and green boughs, while, instead of the melancholy tolling of bells, the ceremony was to be accompanied with drums, fiddles and fifes. There is reason to believe that the funeral was conducted in exact accordance with these peculiar instructions.—Exchange.

DANGER IN A WALKING STICK.

An English Physician Has Discovered a New Disease That Attacks Men.

As a medical man with a fairly large practice I meet with and treat cases which cover a very wide ground. But never until last night have I met with a case the trouble and very probable suffering from which may be distinctly traced to the carrying of a walking stick!

A man came to see me who had completed a week's walking tour in Devonshire. He looked well and healthy. There was no mistake about that, but his left arm was almost numb, the muscles were contracted, and it was with great trouble and evident pain he lifted it from his side. It puzzled me at first. His right arm was all right, but on examining it I noticed the skin on the hand was peeling off, while his left hand had no sign whatever of this.

"Been boating?" I asked.

No, he had not been boating. Then I suddenly caught sight of a walking stick resting by the side of his chair, and which he had brought into the room. The secret of it all was soon out then—a very simple secret. It was a thick and heavy stick weighing quite a pound. He had carried that in the right hand for a whole week, while he admitted that his left hand generally occupied his trousers pocket. The constant using of the stick had worn the skin away, while the carrying of it—not having been equally balanced between the two hands—had caused the one not thus exercised to become stiff and positively useless for the time being.

A walking stick, to my mind, is not the most desirable thing. Still I suppose they will always be carried, but I would warn those who carry them to excess. Sticks should be avoided with plated tops. Either they should be of silver or gold or some perfectly pure metal, or, better still, only the polished top of the natural stick should come into contact with the flesh of the hand, which often—as in the case of clerks and those not occupied in manual labor—is as tender and susceptible to disease as any part of the body. A glove might, however, overcome this difficulty.

Then as to the weight of the stick. It is only reasonable to suppose that too great a drag on the muscles is not calculated to improve them. Stretching the muscles in this manner is far from advisable. A man should carry a stick in proportion to his own weight, and a stick from 8 to 10 ounces will be found as good as any.

But the great danger appears to me to be that of constantly carrying this wooden companion in the same hand. I may be called a faddist, an old woman among medicos, and the like, but here I have just had a practical proof of the difficulty which does arise from this practice. It means a certain amount of pleasant labor to the hand and arm to carry a stick, and in this labor—more particularly when the stick is carried for any length of time, as in the case I have just quoted—the work of the hands and arms should be fairly divided.

I know this view will be severely questioned, but let any who have their doubts just set out and carry a stick of the same weight my patient did for only a few hours and note the result.—London Tit-Bits.

Tea and Camphor In Transit.

One of the big English tramp steamers which a week ago was unloading at a pier between the sectional docks and the bridge filled the east side with a mixture of odors peculiar to the far east, the most prominent among them being the pungent aroma of camphor.

"Halloo," said one of a group who were walking down South street. "Let's go down and see them unload the tea ship."

"No you don't," said a second man, "no tea there."

Argument followed, suppers were wagered, and the question was settled by a visit to the Hankow, the steamer which was at the pier. The first speaker knew more when they went away from the pier, for he learned that no tea is carried on a steamer which carries camphor, and that no matter what composed the rest of the cargo, the camphor was kept in a separate, closed room and was only taken at an exceedingly high rate of freight.

So carefully is tea handled and so penetrating is the odor of camphor that the two are not allowed on the same pier together, even in the open air, with 300 feet of space between them. The next time he smells camphor he will not go down to the ship to see tea unloaded.—New York Tribune.

They Both Had It.

The man that always has a joke to be printed came in with a ha-ha in his voice.

"Oh, I say," he exclaimed, "I've got a corker."

"What is it?" inquired the helpless victim.

"Did you celebrate the twenty-fifth of the alphabet?"

"The what?"

"The twenty-fifth of the alphabet—the Fourth of July?"

"Come off. What's the twenty-fifth of the alphabet got to do with the Fourth of July?"

"That's what it is."

"I don't see it."

"I'll show you," and the joker ha-ha'd some more. "You see, the twenty-fifth of the alphabet is one letter; that one letter is y; y is the fourth of July, and there you have it."

"And there you have it too," added the helpless victim as he fired a pastepot into the joker's neck.—Detroit Free Press.

Protect the Eye From Foreign Bodies.

Never needlessly expose the eye to foreign particles, but when necessary wear plain glasses or goggles. When experimenting with chemicals, always turn the mouth of the tube or bottle away from the face and eyes. Whenever an eye is injured severely, says the hygienic doctor, place the patient immediately in a dark room and under the care of a skilled physician, whose directions must be implicitly followed.

The foreign bodies may be solids, as sand, cinders, hair, dirt, etc., lime, acids or alkalis.—Washington Star.

Identification by the Teeth.

The identification of bodies that have been mutilated beyond recognition by the usual rules has until recently been so difficult that every year hundreds of bodies of heroes have been consigned to nameless graves.

But a new system of identification has been discovered that is as accurate and unfailing as is the famous system of measurement employed by the Paris police in keeping track of the criminals of France. It is identification by means of the teeth. It was first suggested and put in practice by a New York dentist. For years it has been the custom of all first class dentists to keep a complete chart of the teeth of all their patients, together with a record of all their fillings, removals or other work done to the masticators. These charts and records are carefully filed away and are kept as long as the patient lives.

A comparison of several hundred of these charts recently made in New York showed that no two of them were identically alike. The first and most noted instance where identification by the teeth was made conclusive was in the case of Norcross, the dynamiter who attempted the life of Russell Sage and was blown to pieces. While a trousers button furnished the first clew to his identity, it was not until his teeth were examined by his dentist that the identity was recognized by the young man's parents.—Chicago Times.

Meat Eating and Bad Temper.

In no country is home rendered so unhappy and life made so miserable by the ill temper of those who are obliged to live together as in England. If we compare domestic life and manners in England with those of other countries where meat does not form such an integral article of diet, a notable improvement will be remarked. In less meat eating France urbanity is the rule of the home. In fish and rice eating Japan harsh words are unknown, and an exquisite politeness to one another prevails even among the children who play together in the streets. In Japan I never heard rude, angry words spoken by any but Englishmen.

I am strongly of the opinion that the ill temper of the English is caused in a great measure by a too abundant meat dietary combined with a sedentary life. The half oxidized products of albumen circulating in the blood produce both mental and moral disturbances. Brain workers should live sparingly if they would work well and live long. Their force is required for mental exertion and should not be expended on the task of digestion, for "they should remember that the digestion of heavy meals involves a great expenditure of nerve force." The healthful thing to do is to lead an active and unselfish life, on a moderate diet, sufficient to maintain strength and not increase weight.—Ernest Hart in London Hospital.

Modern Athletes and Their Predecessors.

In Outing S. Scoville writes concerning athletic records. He is no believer in the doctrine that in former times men were more powerful and active physically than they are at the present day. He considers that the best of the Greeks were probably a little superior to the athletes of today, but to the Greeks alone does he award this praise. The remarkable records of feats of strength and endurance that are quoted as proof of the physical degeneracy of mankind he is inclined to treat with scant respect. Where reliable records have been preserved he shows that in all contests the athlete today is an abler man than his predecessors.

The cause assigned is better hygienic conditions, a more intelligent system of training and a better knowledge of the laws of health. The author shows that in all running races, save the long distance races, and in walking contests the time is far better now than it was before and that the same superiority can be shown to exist in every branch of athletics in which it is possible to make comparisons. While admitting that more perfect tracks and appliances of all kinds are accountable for a part of the gain, Mr. Scoville is of the opinion that the modern athlete would have beaten his predecessor on his own grounds.

Strange Amusements.

In 1654 the public punishment of criminals became a prominent feature of carnival. It was felt to be a serious check upon the gayety of the festival, but excused as an awful example for such as were inclined to profit by the general license for criminal behavior—rendered necessary now that precept had been found inadequate to cope with the disorders. Later on the chief and most celebrated criminals were specially reserved far carnival, on the first Saturday of which they were punished.

Such as were guilty of disorderly conduct during carnival itself were usually flogged, and the necessary apparatus for this stood ready in several parts of the city. We are reminded of their existence today by the name Piazzetta della Corda, and they remained up permanently until destroyed by the people in 1798.

Courtesans were also publicly chastised if caught masked or dressed as men in the Corso—the public executioner not being above seeking popularity by making victims of the most prominent. Thus in 1656 was publicly chastised Cecca-buffona, the favorite of Cardinal Antonio, nephew of Urban VIII.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Testimony of a Friend.

Attorney General Hendrick of Kentucky prides himself on the fact that he rose from a farm laborer to his present place of dignity and honer. He was telling some friends in Frankfort the other day of his early struggles and called a negro who was passing to attest the veracity of his statements. "Brother Bradley," said he, "is an old fashioned, blue gummed negro and a boyhood friend of mine, by whose side I have worked many a day in the cornfield. Wasn't I a good man in the cornfield, Brother Bradley?" "Oh, yes, sah," said the darky, "you was a good man for a fact, but you suttinly didn't work much."—San Francisco Argonaut.

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Div 26—Jas Berwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

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St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

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St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 22rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 39 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

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St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter F Nemes, 79 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Cityourne av and Halsted st.

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St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western ave.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3500 Wentworth av.

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JACOB WEST, Executor.

David Sullivan Attorney for said estate.

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